

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Only Newspaper in the World for Boys and Girls

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## OOJAH AND HER BOOTS

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### CHARIOT RACES OF THE OCEAN

#### THE AQUITANIA WINS

Romance of the Great Floating  
Liners of the Atlantic

#### THREE ARRIVALS IN THREE HOURS

Though we may grieve for the days when the sailing clippers raced home from the East Indies on the wings of the Trade Winds, there is still a thrill to be found in such a race across the Atlantic as that which brought three of the largest liners in the world, the Aquitania, the Olympic, and the Leviathan, from the Western world to Europe within three hours of one another.

Romance, said Mr. Kipling, brings up the 9.15. The seas still give us the thought of fifty thousand tons of steel and steam crashing through the waves at forty miles an hour.

#### Like Grand Hotels

Nothing was lacking to the drama if looked at in the right way. All three of the liners drew out of New York Harbour in the first minutes of Monday morning. They passed like floating grand hotels, with lights ablaze, past the Statue of Liberty almost in procession. Before the summer dawn had come they had lost sight of one another.

For five days and nights they bore eastward, their paths separate and distinct. The Aquitania ran into a heat wave so fierce that the sea-filled swimming bath on board had to be cooled, and the luxurious life on board might have been that of the Tropics instead of Latitude 50 degrees. The White Star liner Olympic recorded no such adventure. The Leviathan also had what might be called an ordinary passage.

#### Cherbourg in Six Days

Yet if an aeroplane could have flown high enough above these three liners its occupants might have seen the huge monsters steaming in lines almost parallel, hardly gaining or losing on one another. So near they were that all reached Cherbourg on the morning of the sixth day, Sunday.

Leaving there, they turned for Southampton, and on Sunday afternoon the Aquitania led the procession to the docks, coming round the bend of Southampton Water almost as punctually as a Great Western express steams into Paddington, or the Flying Scotsman glides into King's Cross.

She was just one hour ahead of the Olympic, but by tea-time on Sunday afternoon Southampton people could see, the big, coloured funnels towering over the sheds of the three liners whose race was over. Some day our grandchildren, more accustomed to the Albatross air-liners of the skies, may speak with regret of the vanishing of these greyhounds of the seas from the Atlantic.

Picture on page 12

### A Girl's Wonderful Jump



Miss M. A. Gunn, a member of a London athletic club, who recently broke the world's record for the women's long jump, will next year try to win the world's women's championship at hurdle jumping. As can be seen from this picture, many men might envy Miss Gunn her fine style in the long jump

### A NEW BUSINESS FOR THE BUSY BEE

A FUNNY story, which is true and has a moral attached, comes from Ongar. There a Justice of the Peace listened to a tale of how bees assaulted a man in defence of their master.

Frederick Phillips was working on his allotment one evening. Being a thrifty soul, he keeps bees besides growing vegetables. By and by Albert Clark came along, and, because he did not like the allotment-holder, threw a heavy clod of earth at the bees. Over went the skep, and out poured a cloud of furious insects bent on dealing out punishment to the offender.

Clark confessed that he meant them to sting Phillips, who was near the hive, but instead they set out for the man who had done the damage! The biter was bit with a vengeance, and the magistrate unsympathetically made him pay a fine of £2.

The incident seems to be one more tribute to the bee's intelligence. The angry creatures did not see who threw the clod, but they knew Phillips as a friend, and were certain that the attack did not come from him, so they attacked the only other man within sight.

After this we shall probably hear that bees have replaced watchdogs. You might kill an Alsatian or a bulldog with a piece of poisoned meat, but you could never outwit a whole swarm of bees. Even if a burglar escaped before the police arrived he would soon be identified by his swollen countenance. A new profession is open to the little busy bee, and in future we may sing a new version of Dr. Watts's famous lines:

*How doth the little busy bee  
Keep useful, fit, and bright?  
He gathers honey all the day  
And guards the house at night.*

### STRANGE NEWS FROM A FLOOD

#### A DRAMATIC SURPRISE IN THE TREE-TOPS

Snakes and Men Shelter  
Together From a Common Peril

#### THE UNTOUCHABLE

Strange news comes from the Kaira district in India, where there have been terrible floods.

*Villagers climbed trees to save themselves from drowning, only to find that snakes had done the same thing!*

At first they thought they had escaped one form of death only to meet with a death more dreadful still, but to their astonishment the snakes did not harm them. They, in turn, resolved not to attack the snakes, and so snakes and men sheltered together from the common danger. In a similar way, it is said, rabbits and foxes will crouch in the same ditch during a thunderstorm in England, and Reynard will not seek to kill the trembling bunny while his own life is imperilled by lightning.

#### Silver Lining of Mercy

But a still stranger thing is reported in the Kaira district. As most people know, the Indians have many taboos, many things which cannot be touched without making a person unclean according to Hindu or Moslem religion. If a person should touch one of the forbidden things he can only be made clean again by long, troublesome rites, and sometimes it is an expensive business too. Besides, the man does not feel quite happy even when he has done all he can to be cleansed, for a man whose sin is forgiven and atoned for must still wish he had not sinned.

Now, the thing which makes Europeans hate these taboos is that they include people. Some of the taboos are wise and health-giving, but some seem only stupid and cruel, especially that which makes a whole tribe "untouchable."

During the floods many of the untouchables would have perished if the taboos had been kept; but several members of high-caste families invited these poor folk into their homes and gave them shelter.

To those who know the East it will seem more wonderful that a high-caste man should share his house with an untouchable than that a snake should share a tree with a man. The dark cloud of calamity brought by the floods had its silver lining of mercy, and we may be sure that when the peril is over it will not be forgotten.

#### EATING SUNLIGHT

An enterprising firm of bakers in Chester has made arrangements to illuminate its bread with ultra-violet light. It has been found that bread treated in this way contains a high quantity of Vitamin D, enough to justify the treatment of the loaves.



## TRYING TO STOP CRUELTY

### THE BARRIERS IN THE WAY

#### Prejudice Entrenched in the House of Commons

#### HUMANE KILLER CRUSADE

*A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.*

The C.N. warmly commends this proverb to Mr. Macquisten, M.P. Mr. Macquisten is a member of the Scottish Standing Committee of the House of Commons which considered, before adjourning for the holidays, a Bill to make the use of the humane killer compulsory in Scotland. He is willing that beasts should be killed humanely unless they happen to be pigs, calves, and sheep, and he moved an amendment to the Bill to exclude these animals from its benefits. He says he is informed that the shock to a pig of being stunned is such as to affect the quality of the bacon.

#### Pigs Excluded

Now, it happens that prolonged experiments have made it perfectly clear that the humane killer has no bad effect on the meat of any animal. It is a mere prejudice of the buyers in the trade, who say, without evidence, that the public does not like humanely-killed meat.

After prolonged discussion, Colonel Moon, who was in charge of the Bill, felt himself compelled to accept a compromise by which pigs were excluded from it altogether.

So, to please the victims of an entirely baseless prejudice, pigs in Scotland are to be kept fully conscious while they bleed to death. Already, in deference to the same prejudice, people in Sweden and Denmark, where the use of the humane killer is widespread, are allowed to put it aside when killing pigs for the British market. It is a humiliating story, and it is worse, for it is quite un-English. We are not a cruel nation, whatever depths we may be driven to by ignorance and prejudice.

The C.N. begs all its readers to insist on their butchers using the humane killer. Anything else is unnecessary cruelty.

## LATE NEWS FROM ALASKA

### A Remarkable Visitor to Earth

There is late news of a very remarkable meteor in Alaska.

It must have been a tremendous affair. No one saw it, which is perhaps just as well, for he might not have lived to tell the tale. Investigators say that it must have struck a mountain side and torn away a strip more than 300 feet wide and two miles long before burying itself in the ground.

Boulders and rocks were hurled across a valley a mile and a half wide and lodged a thousand feet up on the other side. The point was so remote from human habitation that the people of Valdez, where the news comes from, only obtained these particulars six months after the event. *See World Map*

## SWALLOWING THE TAXES

### What it Costs to Keep an Airship

Keeping an airship is expensive. The report issued by the House of Commons on the expense of two new airships tells us that one of them is costing £350,000 and the other £400,000.

But the cost of the airship is not all. The cost of the shed in which one airship will be housed is £145,000. The huge sum of £300,000 was spent on an airship shed at Cardington, and it is going to cost another £100,000 to make the shed big enough to house the new ship!

## BURNING MONEY

### The Sacrifice of Patriotism

#### A LITTLE SCENE AT THE FRENCH MINT

A very stirring ceremony took place in Paris a little while ago, when bonds worth about twenty million francs were officially destroyed, a free contribution of French citizens towards the recovery of their currency.

Twenty million francs is not a very large sum of money in these days, though before the war it would have been nearly a million pounds; but it is not the amount that stirs one's feelings; it is the mystery behind it.

The amount was composed of State consols, banknotes, and jewellery, but who are the people who have sacrificed these valuables? What was the cost of their sacrifice? Our admiration goes to the poor and lowly who deprived themselves to do their bit—the girl who walked to the workshop to save her tram fare; the invalid who gave up a longed-for luxury; the child who did without its chocolates. One would have liked them all to be at the Mint for the consecration of their sacrifice.

#### Ceremony Round Four Ovens

But the ceremony was very simple. For months the manager had been collecting shares and valuables and piling them up, and when a certain number of sacks were full it was agreed that their contents should be burned. Then a few members of the Government met at the Mint.

Four large ovens generally used for melting alloys had been made ready, and after an address by the manager a truck heaped up with the precious sacks came along. The man in charge, with long fireproof gloves reaching to his elbows, thrust the coloured bundles into the furnace, and in thirty minutes their destruction was complete.

But the willing sacrifice goes on, and the ceremony may soon be seen again.

## DAVENTRY JUNIOR

### Two Programmes for Listeners

The new B.B.C. station at Daventry, which has now started broadcasting, is the first step in the scheme for giving listeners an alternative programme.

The old Daventry will continue to work on long waves at high power while Daventry Junior, as the new station is usually called, sends out a different sort of programme on shorter waves at higher power—ten times greater than that of 2 L.O. This is an experiment in the scheme for providing the whole country with broadcasting from a few long-range stations. Then a crystal set will be workable almost anywhere, while small valve sets (and in some places crystal sets) will have a choice of two or more programmes.

For technical reasons the new station, which is officially called 5 G B, has taken the wave-length of Bournemouth. The Birmingham station has closed down, and Bournemouth has taken Birmingham's wave-length.

## A ROMAN HOARD

### In a Somerset Village

A remarkable exhibition of Roman coins is to be seen at the little Somerset village of Pill, near Portishead.

C.N. readers may remember the discovery by Mr. Egerton Goodwin at Clapton of a great hoard of between four and five thousand Roman coins. These have been cleaned and classified and are now in the local church room.

Hardly any two of the coins are alike, and, though they all belong to three decades of the third century, no fewer than 15 emperors are represented. That is because they belong chiefly to the Time of the Thirty Tyrants, when the legions in the provinces revolted and each proclaimed its own Caesar.

## SOMETHING TO PRAY FOR

### A Shakespeare Theatre at Last?

#### HOW TO SAVE THE STAGE FROM A DISGRACE

It looks as if we may really have a National Theatre at last, and an exceedingly beautiful one.

The London stage has fallen to the lowest level it has reached in our time, or perhaps since the time of Charles the Second, and it will be a noble influence to set up a theatre in which Shakespeare is always running.

The proposal is to buy Dorchester House, a glorious mansion in Park Lane, famous for its collection of pictures. The actual theatre would be built where the stables now stand, but it would be approached through the great hall of the house, and up the magnificent marble staircase, said to have cost £30,000 to build. The banqueting hall would be the foyer or antechamber to the great auditorium, which would hold 2000 people.

#### National Meeting-Place

The building would be, in the first place, a National Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, and would be the third largest theatre in London; but it would also be a meeting-place for the artistic and literary life of the nation, and its galleries would be used for exhibitions.

Already about £400,000 of the £500,000 required is said to be available. There is an anonymous donor of £100,000. Another well-wisher has offered to pay the interest on the mortgage of another £100,000. The Shakespeare Memorial Committee is understood to be willing to hand over the £80,000 it has collected. A great contractor is said to have undertaken to build the stage and auditorium at cost price, and even to contribute to the cost as well.

Who can doubt that the rest of the money for this splendid scheme will be quickly raised? It will be a noble thing to have one of the finest houses in London, in one of the finest positions, as a memorial to our greatest Englishman.

## AN OUT-OF-WORK FINDS SOMETHING TO DO

### Albert Edward Hollingshead

Here is a story that it is good to tell.

Albert Edward Hollingshead, a young miner, had been out of work for months. He was, as we say, "down and out."

Since leaving the pit he had attended evening classes and had tramped the Midlands and the South in search of work on a farm.

The other day he found something to do; he wandered on to a canal bank in Birmingham.

And there he saw struggling in the water a little four-year-old girl, with two small playmates standing by, tearful and helpless at this tragic end to their play. The child must have been drowned had not Hollingshead, in spite of the fact that he could not swim, jumped in and brought her to the bank.

Miners face danger every hour when at work, and Hollingshead walked away without any fuss; but the Birmingham police heard of his plucky action, and made a collection for him which not only bought him his railway fare to Bolton and a good square meal, but left him a few pounds in hand.

That was the job this good fellow found, but such jobs do not last long. We hope he has found another which will last as long as he lives.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Cellini . . . . . Chel-le-ne  
Chamónix . . . . . Shah-mo-ne  
Torrigiano . . . . . Tor-re-jah-no

## FAIR PLAY

### Tale of a Crate of Pigeons

#### A WAR STORY REMEMBERED AT MENIN GATE

When the Menin Gate was consecrated at Ypres to the memory of the dead who gave their lives to keep the city the ceremony awakened many memories of the days when the tide of war surged about it.

There were memories of sorrow, of tragedy, of heroism, but one which was among the brightest of them all was of justice. Some of those present probably recalled the story of a crate of pigeons.

In the strained atmosphere of anxiety and suspicion which descended on Ypres during the first battle there, two Belgian peasants were brought in who had been harbouring a crate of pigeons.

#### Suspected of Spying

A penalty of death had been proclaimed on any who should do so, because it was well known that spies in German pay behind the British lines were using carrier pigeons to send information to German headquarters. The fate of the two Belgians, like that of Ypres, trembled in the balance.

But in all the stress of battle, the city pelted with shells, the battalions holding on by their teeth, the British officers found time to give the accused fair trial. The owners of the pigeons were declared innocent of ill-intention. Their plea that they knew nothing of the order was examined and accepted.

The British paid for the pigeons, for they were sorely needed for supper; the peasants were sent back to their farm in a motor-lorry; and one more chapter was written in the history of what we British call fair play.

## THINGS SAID

Do not pass—Buy!

*A London grocer's sign*

This season has been rain and ruin.

*A Thames waterman*

All bridges are proofs of friendship.

*Mr. Stanley Baldwin*

I have had quite enough Channel swimming.

*Mr. E. H. Temme*

We have the best king the world can show.

*Lord Lambourne*

There is no Act of Parliament to stop jeers and sneers.

*Willesden Magistrate*

The only hope of peace is more education.

*Sir John Adams*

Bolshevism will soon be remembered only as a nightmare.

*Dean Inge*

We are rapidly coming to be a nation of wax dolls.

*Miss Jessie Matthews, actress*

I have shared a day with five hundred good fellows.

*Duke of York at a Boys' Camp*

The spaniel has rheumatism and resents being patted.

*Notice in a Devonshire hotel*

Once the atom is split you will be able to light all London for a penny.

*Dr. Percy Buck*

Many buildings in London simply hold together for old association's sake.

*Mr. H. D. Searles-Wood*

If you want a suit that's becoming to you you've got to be coming to me.

*In a tailor's window*

None of the big film-producing organisations is conducted with business sanity.

*A Hollywood Newspaper*

They tell me this is God's Acre. I think it is time they lent Him a lawn-mower.

*A visitor to a Churchyard*

Our Police Court used to meet every fortnight; now it meets when there happens to be a case.

*Report from a Prohibition Town*



August 27, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

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## THE WELL-DRESSED LADY

### And the Wee Red Box A LESSON IN HONOUR

Is the sense of public honour weakening or strengthening now that all men and women are citizens? A coincidence brings the question to mind.

The writer was in a Bournemouth tramcar, owned by the citizens, when a well-dressed woman entered at the last stop before a penny fare-stage was reached. The conductor did not at once collect her fare.

At the next stop seven or eight passengers entered. Then the conductor ejaculated his usual "Fares, please!" and went round the car. The woman, who now owed twopence, looked rigidly out of the window as if quite unconcerned, and the conductor passed her. It happened three times before the end of that penny stage was reached, and then this woman sailed out without paying at all.

#### What Was Done at Glasgow

What was the duty of the fellow-passenger who saw it all? Ought he to have said to the careless conductor "That woman has not paid"? Perhaps so. But he did not. Yet as he rode on he could not help feeling almost as if he shared some of her dishonour through not speaking.

That very day the Editor of the C.N. passed on to him a letter from a Glasgow reader showing the sense of public duty felt in Glasgow in such cases:

"When the proposal was made to reintroduce the halfpenny tramway fare in Glasgow one objection urged was that the conductors would not be able to collect all the fares during the rush periods. Nevertheless, the halfpenny fare was introduced, and this notice appeared in the cars: 'Uncollected fares should be placed in box on platform.' Little red boxes were fixed on the platforms with the notice 'Please place uncollected fares in this box.'

#### Public Honour

"After the first week the following announcement was fixed on all the cars: 'Collected in the Wee Red Box first week: £16 18s. 7d.'"

In other words, in grimy, workaday Glasgow, needing its halfpenny fares, 8126 halfpennies had been honestly put in the box, averaging 1160 each day. What would our well-dressed Bournemouth lady have done had she been on the Glasgow route? It is a lesson in public honour well worth passing on from Glasgow to some of the residents on our eminently respectable English tram routes.

## FREE PLAYING FIELDS

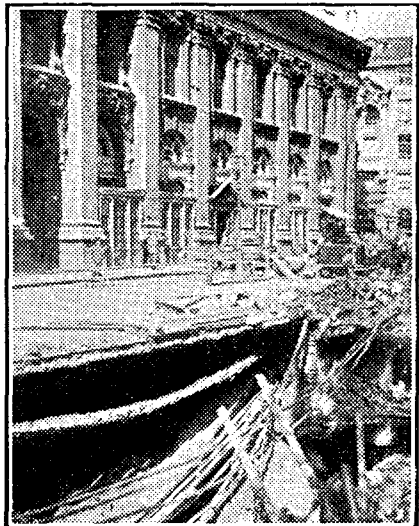
### Why Not?

It is good news that a movement is on foot to secure the empty Foundling Hospital site in crowded Bloomsbury for a playground and open-air school.

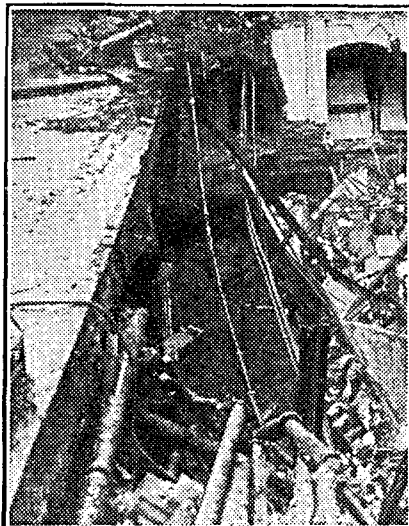
Anyone passing through the district and seeing this magnificent site deserted and unused, while all around are swarms of children with no playground but the street, must wish well to the scheme. But why only the Foundling Hospital?

All over London, and in every town, are sites lying idle, waiting for a purchaser at an acceptable price, which might be turned to use during the waiting. Will not their owners offer them to the children? Many of them would make excellent playing pitches as they stand; many others would need only a little levelling and removal of rubbish to make them so. The local authorities would gladly take charge of them till the purchaser comes along, and we hope the owners will think it over. We pass the suggestion on to the National Playing Fields Association. Its adoption would be a boon to the children and a blessing to us all, for it would help very largely to solve the traffic problem.

## THE CRACK IN THE CITY



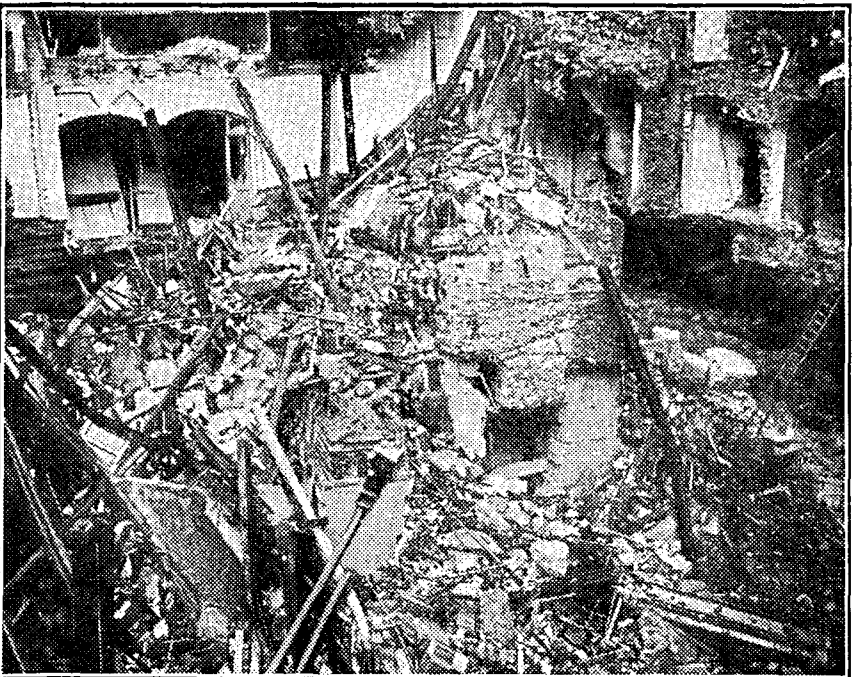
The Royal Exchange, near the cavity under the roadway of Cornhill



Cables and pipes exposed by the collapse of the pavement



A general view of the wrecked building



The debris that crashed into the pit

These pictures show the damage caused by the partial collapse of a great London building near the Royal Exchange. One end of it crashed into a pit which had been dug for the foundations of a new building next door. The roadway of Cornhill, which runs beside the Royal Exchange, was left without any support. See page 5

## WASHING DAY AT THE PIT

### Clean and Dirty Coal

#### WHAT THE AIR BUBBLES DO

Every household has a washing day or sends its linen every week to the laundry, and most of us know the advantages offered by the dry cleaner, who cleans such articles as gloves by chemical methods not involving the use of soap and water.

A short time ago we lost the contract for the supply of coal to one of the Scandinavian Railway Companies. The company went to Germany for its coal, not because it was cheaper, but because it was washed better.

Coal for many purposes has to be carefully washed in order to command a good market value. There is a good deal of chemical matter in all coal which cannot be burned, and as the coal plants originally grew on swampy ground a good deal of mud was brought down with their decaying remains.

These impurities in coal cause ash, dust, and smoke, and science has had to step in to find means of washing these impurities away.

#### Down to Second Best

One of the most successful ways of washing coal is by dry cleaning; but the most largely used method is that of washing with water. Pulverised coal is introduced into water through which streams of air bubbles are passed; the particles of coal stick to the air bubbles and are carried upward, while the impurities sink to the bottom.

It sounds a very laborious process, but the fact remains that England, having used up most of her best coal, is face to face with this washing problem in order to compete with other countries.

For centuries England has been able to draw upon a magnificent type of coal of great purity. Today she has come down to her second best, the kind of coal of which other countries have ample supplies. Her fight for commercial supremacy depends henceforth on the engineer, the coal laundryman, who can wash his coal a little better than her foreign competitors.

## WHAT A LIFT CAN DO

### Remarkable Piece of Mechanism

#### WORKING LIKE A BRAIN

New Yorkers spend so much of their time in lifts, and travel so far in them, that the efficient working of these useful machines has become an important matter to them.

(Is it not curious, by the way, that these busy people have time to call them elevators, as they invariably do, instead of lifts?)

The very latest type of elevator serving the scores of floors in a skyscraper has a most wonderful system of buttons, one for every floor, which regulate its movements. As each passenger enters on the ground floor he names his destination, and the attendant presses the appropriate button. When the lift is full he touches another button, which closes the door and starts the lift. Whatever the order in which the buttons have been pressed, the lift stops at the first floor first, and not till the door has been closed on the alighting passenger's heels does it turn its attention to the needs of the next passenger.

Any passenger on an intermediate floor who wishes to go higher presses a button on his own landing, and the lift automatically attends to his call. As he enters the button representing his destination also is pressed, and his needs are met in due course. The whole process is repeated the reverse way on the return journey.

Assuredly a most intelligent elevator—or lift, as we must call it in the leisured land this side of the Atlantic!



## JUSTICE AND MERCY

### A Tale of Two Streets THE HAND AND THE FOOT OF THE LAW

The heavy foot of the law as represented by the policeman on point duty at Ludgate Circus came down heavily the other day on a delinquent holding up some of the ponderous traffic of New Bridge Street.

The delinquent was one of two mice which, with all the cheek of a cockney sparrow, suddenly appeared from nowhere and ran into the roadway to play in front of buses, taxicabs, lorries, and motor vans. They remind us of the little fellow of three we once saw sitting on the pavement in the Strand, playing with a ball, while the world's throng stepped aside to avoid crushing him as it passed.

#### One Mouse Less

Sympathetic drivers who saw the two mice shouted to others to go slow, and the London crowd, which loves a little comedy, entered into the spirit of the fun and almost cheered the small intruders on.

But the Point Policeman saw his traffic being held up into a jam and did not allow sympathy to interfere with duty. With heavy tread he strode across the empty roadway, he put his foot down—and there was one mouse the less in London town. The passers-by and the car drivers raised a mournful groan at the tragic disappearance of their fellow citizen; the other mouse ran away. We wish him well, and a long avoidance of the Point Policeman.

#### A Sparrow's Adventure

There was another of those policemen whose uplifted hand, which in the words of the poet, conducts the orchestral Strand, was raised with kindlier purpose. Near Regent Street a fledgling sparrow tottered out of the parental nest and planed clumsily to the roadway in front of a motor-car. The driver pulled up. The tiny thing fluttered helplessly about the radiator.

Other motorists tried to help the frightened sparrow. Now once again, the London policeman stepped into the breach. He extricated it uninjured, and the sparrow, after resting for a moment to take courage on that large but gentle hand, flew away to safety on a neighbouring window sill.

On the whole, we like the hand better than the foot. The hand has it, as the Speaker would say, for the right administration of justice and mercy.

## THE PEACE BRIDGE

### Union of Two Great Peoples

It was a happy coincidence that the opening of the Peace Bridge between Canada and America should follow so soon the breakdown of the Disarmament Conference at Geneva.

The Peace Bridge, which crosses the Niagara River 20 miles above the Falls, commemorates a century of unbroken peace between America and the British Empire. It crosses the longest frontier in the world, left entirely unguarded for 3000 miles. Near by is a monument commemorating the last battle between Britain and America 115 years ago.

The bridge was opened by the Prince of Wales, and speeches were made by the British Prime Minister and the American Vice-President, General Dawes. Both referred to the Conference breakdown, and both spoke of the goodwill which no differences of policy and opinion could undermine. Naval rivalry between the two nations, said General Dawes, was unthinkable.

Picture on page 12

## THE BLIND CHAMOIS OF THE ALPS

AMONG the chamois which the wisdom of the Swiss authorities preserves in the Kaiseregg district, a mysterious disease more threatening than the hunter's rifle has broken out. It is a form of blindness which, like some kinds of human blindness, is infectious.

Nothing more pitiful can be imagined than the fate of one of these beautiful and agile creatures, whose home is on the roof of a continent and whose eyes, like those of the eagle, gaze unblinking at the Sun. When blindness descends on it, when light has gone from it,

life itself must quickly come to an end. Happily the disease, which is epidemic, and is very little known or understood, seems to be diminishing in virulence. Some chamois suffering from it were caught, with difficulty, and the disease is thought to be the same as an outbreak which appeared and disappeared a few years ago.

It is hoped that the worst is now over, and that only a few chamois are still suffering from it. Poor blind things, at the top of this lovely world and unable to see it!

## THE B.B.C. PUTS ON ITS COAT

IN all its reverend history the College of Arms has never had such a task as that of fitting the British Broadcasting Corporation with the coat-of-arms to which its Royal Charter entitles it.

Deeds of chivalry and the claims of long descent the Heralds' College can deal with, but how shall they represent the unknown forces which link oceans and continents together in unseen bands? How shall they signify the speed of lightning, the might of an electron, in terms of azure, fess, and gules?

The Royal Heralds have done their best. Rouge Dragon, Blue Mantle, and Garter-King-at-Arms have brought all their resources of ancient lore to bear on it. They have designed a shield

azure, on which the seven planets are starred in argent, and the round world is a globe encircled by a golden ring.

Over the shield the British Lion clasps in his strong right paw a thunderbolt proper (never mind whether there are thunderbolts or not!). Eagles with bugles support the King of Beasts.

It is a courageous effort to symbolise the might, majesty, dominion, and power of the giant forces man has harnessed to his uses, but neither the strength of the Lion, the swiftness of the Eagle, nor the limiting circle of the Great Globe itself can properly signify the speed and magnificence and mystery of this invention which man handles and which, nightly, millions hear.

## THE FOUR BRIDGES OF COLOGNE

THE Bridge of Boats across the Rhine at Cologne which was dismantled the other day was by no means the most notable of its kind.

Cologne had a bridge of boats more than a hundred years ago, and that just taken down was the last of three. Hence some confusion in the public's mind, which a C.N. reader on the spot enables us to clear away.

The first of these bridges, built in 1822, was replaced by a bridge of beams supported by three pillars, and this in turn gave place early in the present century to the great Hohen-

zollern Bridge, which accommodates four lines of railway as well as street traffic.

The second bridge of boats, which connected the centre of the city with Deutz, was built in 1850, being superseded in 1915, when war was raging, by a handsome suspension bridge.

The third bridge of boats was in use at Mainz-Kastell till 1888, when it was transferred to connect the north part of Cologne with Mulheim. It is this bridge which is now being replaced by a suspension bridge.

Cologne has also a fine South Bridge for railway, passenger, and foot traffic.

## THE LAST HAY WAGON GOES HOME

SOON the old hay market in White-chapel will have creaked away with its last hay wagon into the past.

It has been bidden to go, and the three hundred years it has stayed there will not preserve its rights. The wagon must make way for the motor-lorry. The sweet scent of the hay must be replaced by the scent of petrol fumes.

It is a pity. The hay market was the legacy the green fields left behind when they were banished from Whitechapel. Each year the exiled fields sighed from farther off, but they sent a breath of the hay to their old home to remind Londoners of what they had been.

They went on sending the reminder for three hundred years. The old hay market outlasted the Stuarts, and saw

the Hanoverians in. It got in the way of the busy nineteenth century's progress but refused to budge for it. Even when the Underground Railway put up a station close by, the old hay market merely redoubled its efforts.

It got in the way of the trams, it produced blocks among the omnibuses, and there is no denying that it was behind the times. Still, there it was, a pleasant sight to see, a pleasant scent to smell in a town that has not too many pleasant smells.

It breathed a tale of London when Shakespeare walked by the Fleet and Raleigh dreamed by the Effra, and when, if London was no better or cleaner to live in, it was a little nearer to the heart of the land.

## THE ROAD TO A QUIET TOWN

This letter to the Times, from Dr. Mervyn O'Gorman, a great authority on motor-cars, seems to us to be a very wise word on the intolerable and growing nuisance of Noise, which is fast becoming insufferable both in town streets and country lanes.

Noise is relative. The "audible warning of his approach" that the driver must give is only audible if it pierces through the other noises present. The driver therefore buys an audible warner to comply. The more noises there are, the more he must outnoise them, so we have an insufferable din.

Now start fair. Suppress the exhaust nuisance of cycles and all cars. It has

been done on some, and can be done on all. Suppress the still more monstrous rattle of ill-packed and semi-empty vans; the thunder due to defective solid tyres, and holey roads, and the demonstrably unnecessary gear noises. There is nothing impossible about this except to get the will to do it. Then the audible warning can come down to a Cheerio. Remove the "call-for-overtaking" nuisance, by keeping all traffic to the left of the available road space. Now alter the law so that the Cheerio noise shall be used to warn an audient observed to need it for his safety (and not otherwise) and you have a quiet town!

## ENTER TOMMY

### Why the German Band Appeared

### THE LITTLE THINGS THAT ARE GREAT

The cause of peace was well served by two little acts of thoughtfulness the other day.

In the Saar there are important international communications, and the Allies have kept troops there ever since the war, calling them railway guards. But the natives of the region are German, and every time they see foreign uniforms in their streets, or in the barrack square where once the Uhlans drilled, they are reminded of their defeat.

There were doubtless sullen hearts in the crowd that assembled the other day when a detachment of British soldiers arrived to replace the French ones, but the scowls soon passed from the faces, for as the troops moved out of the station it was seen that the men were trailing arms, not shouldering them. Then the band struck up, and it was not Rule, Britannia, but a German tune.

Little things perhaps, but how much they mean in a world like this! They altered the whole atmosphere. The Saar people realised that these foreigners had come in a spirit of peace to act as guards, and not as spies or conquerors to humiliate the German people. Well begun is half done, says a wise proverb.

We are not surprised that that night a local band serenaded the newcomers!

## THE GORILLA FROM A CONGO TUNNEL

### Pygmy Guides of the Batwa People

The British Museum has become the possessor of a fine specimen of a particular species of gorilla found for it in the Kivu district of Belgian Congo.

It was secured by an expedition from Kenya, headed by Colonel H. F. Fenn and Mr. W. F. Burgess, who took the opportunity of making a careful study of the animal.

The country it inhabits is so densely wooded that it is impossible to see more than a few yards ahead. The gorillas make their own tunnels, three or four feet high, and it must have been rather a nerve-racking experience to hunt them in such surroundings.

The hunters were helped by pygmy guides of the Batwa tribe, for whom they developed a great admiration. As we try to attract a cat or a dog by clicking our tongues, so the pygmies would try to entice a gorilla within range by curious lip sounds, not on this occasion with success. The big male gorillas roam the country with two or three attendant females and several young. The mothers were seen feeding with their babies resting on their backs.

The specimen destined for South Kensington has a chest measurement of 62 inches, a middle finger four inches round, and a height of 5 feet 8 inches.

## HARROW SCHOOL DOES SOMETHING NEW

### Natural History Alive

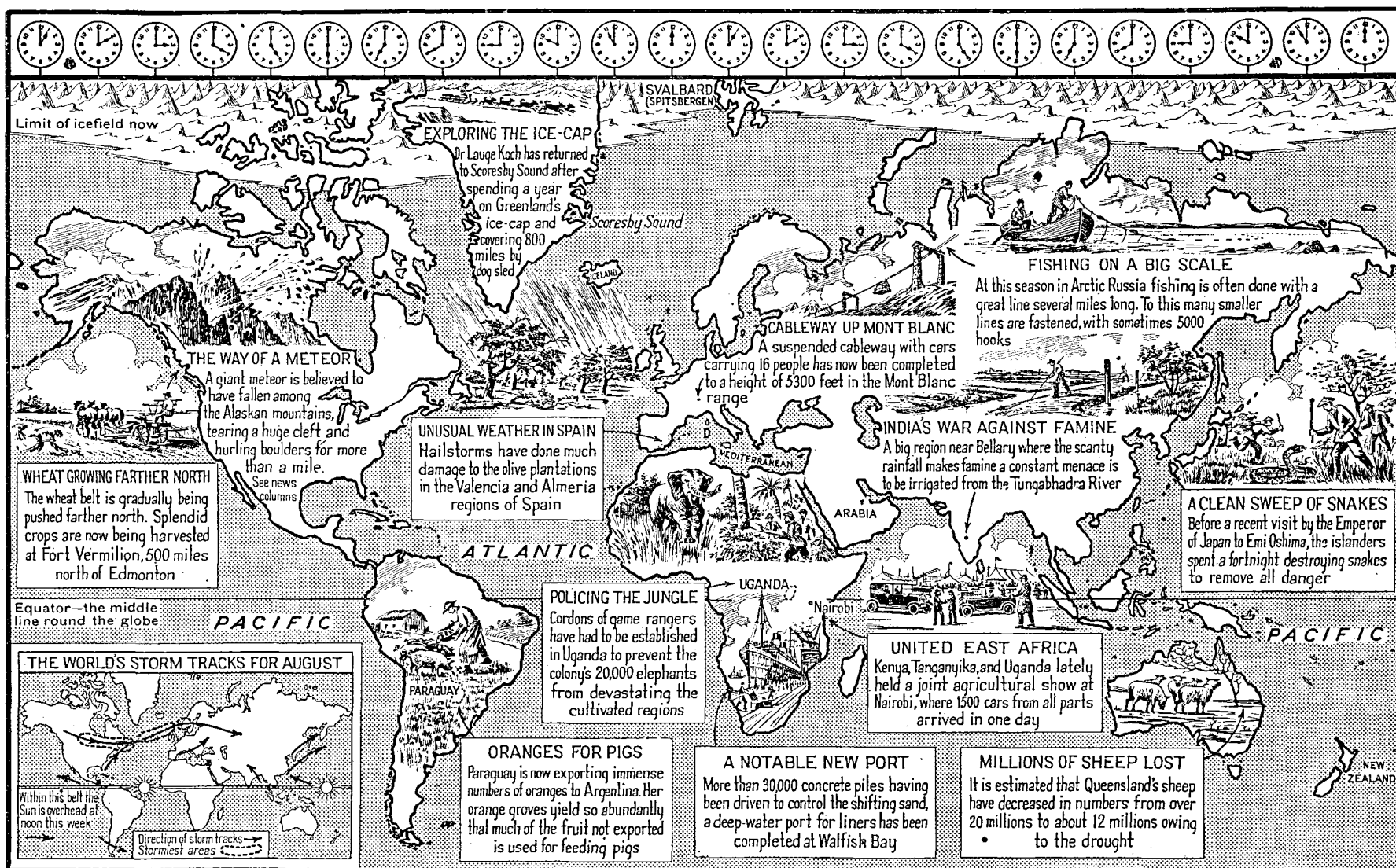
A new building, which is of great importance in the boys' eyes, is to be erected at Harrow School. It will cost about £150 and will be devoted to pets.

Ever since there have been English schoolboys they have kept pets, but usually the poor creatures had to be hidden, and many are the tales of white rats which escaped from desks, and of grubs dislodged from trouser pockets. Now times have changed, and the authorities at Harrow welcome the pets as part of the Natural History lesson.

There will be tanks, insect cages, and outdoor runs under wire. The famous school is on the way to the Zoo!



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## ONE GIRL DOES 25 MEN'S WORK

## Belfast Makes a Discovery

It is extraordinary how careless many ratepayers are of the waste of their money.

Belfast had a shock the other day when a committee of the City Council reported on the extravagance and inefficiency of the municipal services. The committee says that a saving in the rates of 2s. in the pound can be made by abolishing unnecessary municipal posts and reducing unnecessary salaries.

The committee quotes an extraordinary instance which, by itself, goes a very long way to prove its case. As a test, a girl earning £2 a week was set, with the help of an addressing machine, to get out the ratepayers' gas bills. In a fortnight she dealt with 64,000 accounts, making only two mistakes. Ordinarily this work would have been done by 25 clerks in four weeks, 20 of them at a salary of £300 a year!

The committee says that the City Surveyor and his chief assistant were ignorant of the system of work in their own department. In the Tramway Department £30,000 could be saved in salaries and wages alone without involving any loss of efficiency.

## CROSS HERE

## White Lines for Walkers

Walkers, as well as motorists, are to have their white lines. It is a development of the "Cross Here" idea.

Sixteen crossing places have been established in Piccadilly Circus, Haymarket, Pall Mall, and Regent Street. At the more important crossings in Haymarket and Regent Street two parallel white lines are painted across the roadway four feet apart, and foot passengers are asked to walk between them. Drivers are to be asked to exercise special care at these points.

## OLD CORKS AND £10,000

## What a Boy's Hobby Did

The other day there died a man who made a fortune out of a boyish hobby.

He was Charles Hawkins, who died at Peterborough aged 81. As a lad he loved to make things out of old corks, and when he grew up he continued to amuse himself with corks after work hours. His neighbours were loud in admiration of a cork model of Burghley House, and one day it occurred to him that he might make money by exhibiting it. So he threw up his work, put the model in a van, and set off. All round England he went, living like a gipsy, and showing his huge cork doll's house, which was truly a triumph of ingenuity and had occupied all the spare time of ten years.

The profits of the journey came to £10,000, and with this Mr. Hawkins set up in business as a printer, his fortune made out of old corks.

## THE MAURETANIA HIGH AND DRY

## A Record Day's Work

Ships are feminine, and therefore they insist upon spring-cleaning, but the Mauretania has her cleaning done at midsummer.

The part she has overhauled so regularly is the part that matters, the underwater portion which would otherwise be attacked by shipworm, barnacle, and weed. This year it was done in record time.

The Mauretania entered the floating dock one day and left it the next. Meanwhile the underwater part of the ship had been completely scraped and painted. She was only high and dry for 17 hours, and spent 24 hours in dock.

Many husbands wish their wives could spring-clean half as quickly. But a thousand men can work on the Mauretania, and no wife can command a thousand housemaids.

## BURIED IN THE IVY

## An Old Tower Sees the World Again

All over the world men are laboriously discovering ancient buildings by digging for them. The other day an ancient building was discovered in England merely by tearing down ivy.

Over seven centuries ago the monks of St. Osyth built a chapel at Brentwood, in Essex. Pilgrims from the Midlands used to pass through Brentwood before crossing the Thames on their way to Canterbury, and by building a lodging for them at this point on the Pilgrim's Way the monks benefited both the pilgrims and their own treasury. Later the chapel became the Parish Church of Brentwood, but as it fell into ruin a new parish church was built. Other buildings soon hemmed in the old chapel, and ivy did the rest.

Now the casual removal of the ivy has revealed the old chapel, but it has also, unfortunately, loosened the walls and made them dangerous. The local Council has asked that the ruin shall be scheduled as an ancient monument, and steps will immediately be taken to strengthen the walls and make them safe.

## LITTLE LAMB, WHO BOUGHT THEE?

## An American Lady's Flock

Two hundred guineas for a lamb seems a very big price, but it was paid the other day when a baby ram from the Pendley flock was bought by an American lady.

This famous flock of pure bred Hampshire Down sheep was sold recently, and excellent prices were realised, fifty ram lambs averaging £20 each and shearing ewes £8.

The two-hundred-guinea lamb will not have to cross the Atlantic alone, for the lady who bought him bought eight of his brothers and ninety of his sisters.

## ASKING TOO MUCH OF MOTHER EARTH

## A Building Breaks Down

## HOW SIX STOREYS TOPPLED INTO A HOLE

Mother Earth is getting old and her restless children trouble her sadly.

With their iron-ribbed skyscrapers they put a great strain on the living quarters she has provided for them, and still they are surprised when their operations produce cracks and rents in the ground they build on.

There is still, as there has been for weeks, a remarkable sight to be seen in London. While deep excavations were being made in Cornhill for the foundations of the new headquarters of Lloyd's Bank in the City, the end of a great insurance company's building next door, six storeys high, collapsed into the hole. More alarming still, a great crack appeared in Cornhill, the street in front of the excavations, and a huge cave developed under the street. Thus one of the busiest thoroughfares in the City had to be closed, with little prospect of being reopened for many weeks.

Gas mains, water mains, telegraph and telephone wires were snapped, and before the mains could be turned off much gas and water escaped. Workmen attempting to close the gas pipes were overcome by the fumes.

An enormous amount of rebuilding has taken place in the City since the war, and the modern scale of building has required deeper and stronger foundations than ever. Naturally, one of the greatest difficulties has been to prevent the weakening of neighbouring buildings and roads, and more than once ominous cracks have appeared in shored-up walls. It was such cracks that gave timely warning of the collapse of the Cornhill building, and so prevented the grave loss of life which might have occurred had the collapse happened without warning and by day instead of by night.

Pictures on page 3



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 27 1927

## A Handful of Money

FROM time to time we hear that someone has discovered a little hoard of Roman coins or a pile of Greek money many feet below the soil, and we are set wondering about the people who hid them there centuries ago.

A handful of money has been dug up in the ruins of the wall of Jerusalem; the coins were issued about ninety years before Jesus was born.

Who was the man who saved them up two thousand years ago? Was he a slave saving to buy his freedom or a father seeking to give his daughter a fine dowry? Perhaps, in either case, sudden death came upon him before he could reveal his hiding-place. He may have been a thrifty soul putting by for a rainy day that never came.

The most reasonable idea is that he was a miser who could not bear to think of anyone having the money even after his own death. He meant the secret to die with him. For half a lifetime he had guarded it, and had made immense sacrifices in order to add another coin to the hoard. He wore filthy old rags, shivered for lack of warm bedding, only ate enough to keep body and soul together, and lived without the beauty of flowers or the inspiration of any work of art.

Like all misers, he promised himself luxury and pleasure—one day; but always he said "Not yet. I am not rich enough yet. One day I will have a fine house, with a marble courtyard and a fountain and screens of pierced ivory. One day I will have beautiful carpets and a white mule to ride on and servants to sing and play to me. One day I will be charitable to the beggars, and befriend men of learning. But not yet."

So he died, and left his unspent hoard behind him.

It is easy to see the foolishness of the miser, yet who has not fallen into his folly? There are so many things we are going to do—one day. We are going to read a Shakespeare play every week; we are going to hear a great musical work; we are going to tramp across country to the Lakes—one day, when we have more time and money. But that one day rarely comes.

There is a millionaire who began life as a poor boy living near the Malvern Hills. He left them to make money, but always he promised himself a holiday tramping the hills he had loved as a boy, and always he thought he was too busy to go. Now he is very rich and has plenty of leisure, but he is stricken, and will never walk on the hills.

Youth, strength, and pure happiness are meant to be spent as well as money—spent, not squandered and not hoarded.



## What the Flowers Said

SOMEBODY tells us of another garden in the slums, a glorious blaze of colour on a window-sill.

• The friend who saw it would like to have knocked at the door and asked the gardener for his story; "but I know quite a lot about him without doing that," she said. "He does not drink, he does not swear at his wife or beat his children or belong to any secret society which robs Peter to pay Paul; he does not slack at his work or loaf about; he is a skilled workman; he whistles and sings as he goes along, and is a great favourite with his mates."

"Who told you all that?" we asked her, and she said *The flowers*.

## Three Scenes in Somerset

ALMOST matchless for its beauty is the clean and sweet county of Somerset, the home of Alfred and Arthur. Three little scenes come to mind from it as we read the papers.

One is from the news of the day, in which we read that

*Mounted on a large bay hunter, with riding leggings displaying his episcopal gaiters, and wearing a violet cravat, the Bishop of Taunton (Dr. Charles Fane de Salis) was among the most conspicuous figures watching the meet of the Somerset Stag-hounds.*

The second scene followed in a day or two, when a beautiful antlered stag, in escaping from this Somerset Hunt, took a desperate leap from the cliff into the sea. The poor creature was pursued, a rope was thrown over its antlers, and it was hauled on to a boat and killed.

The third scene is from the long ago; it is of a kindly poet who sat in the beautiful Somerset county writing those words which have found an echo in every kindly heart:

*He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.  
He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small,  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.*

We think we like the old scene best. It seems to us a pitiful thing that the fair name of Somerset should be so often defamed by this spirit of brutality masquerading under the name of sport.

## A Beauty Hint

By Peter Puck

If it's good to be young, as the poets declare,  
Why hasten old age by a burden of care?

Why fret about money and rank and display?

It hurries your wrinkles and soon turns you grey.

But the way to be young is the way to be wise:

Keep laughter and love in your heart and your eyes.

## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Strong and Healthy

THE guns have gone to Scotland, and we read that the partridges are strong and healthy.

We wish the same could be said of the consciences of those who carry the guns.

## Tip-Cat

TWENTY-FIVE American editors have come to Europe. Something like a paper-chase!

A KINEMA star says he wants to be let alone. But does he want anybody to take him—at his word?

WHATEVER she tries to do, the lady who says she does not believe in violence will never make a hit.

LITTLE parties, according to a hostess, are jollier than big ones. No wonder the others envy the Liberal Party.

## Peter Puck Wants to Know



If it is worth while to see tennis in Tennessee

NEWSPAPER headline: Strap-hangers protest. They can't stand any more.

Low collars are suggested for men in the hot weather. In place of spats.

WELL-KNOWN man says he admires sky-signs. Quite looks up to them.

EAST Sussex C.C. is planning the formation of circus at dangerous cross-roads. Good news for country clowns.

AN M.P. wants a drink licence for the clouds. Some people would get thirsty anywhere.

THE airman who burst into song the other day while flying over England was probably doing it for a lark.

## More Surprises From the Country

ONE of our travelling correspondents found himself the other day in the porch of the parish church of Tysoe in Warwickshire. There he found a notice of certain items of expenditure. He made a note of these:

For a man catching a fox, 1s.  
For ale at Thomas Elliott's burial, 10d.  
For bleeding Capp's children, 1s.  
For Mrs. Nixon's gown and frying-pan, which was pawned, 4s. 2d.  
Hat and strings for Mary Bell, 1s. 4d.  
Horse and man riding before Elizabeth Batsford to Warwick, 4s. 6d.  
Eating and beer when chimney-sweep and the razor-grinder were pressed as soldiers, 18s.  
Mending wheel for Mary Clarke, 8d.

It is all a long time ago, but we can still see Mary Bell walking proudly through Tysoe in her new hat and strings, perhaps calling on Mrs. Nixon to see her new gown.

Tend your vine well, and you will have no need to envy your neighbour's.  
GREEK MAXIM

## Life is Even So

OUT of the sunshine and the glare,  
Leaving the hot, close-clinging air,  
Into a green and leafy glade  
One burning summer's day I strayed.

THE tall trees whispered overhead:  
I could not tell just what they said,  
But all their murmuring was a balm  
That brought the woodland wondrous calm.

A GENTLE wind blew lightly by,  
The softest breathing of a sigh;  
And, far adown the leafy glade,  
A little brook sweet music made.

OUR Life, methought, was even so:  
We come on paths we did not know,  
And out of busy ways that burn  
Into mysterious tracks we turn.

THERE can we be at perfect ease,  
There our thoughts whisper with the trees,  
There in a green, melodious glade  
Happiness ripples unafraid.  
Estelle Boughton

## A Chance for the Archduke

OWING to the hardness of the times the Archduke Leopold of Austria, like many other members of the nobility, has had to live on a diminished income in a foreign land. But this is not the worst of his misfortunes. So straitened are his circumstances that he cannot afford to fight a duel.

From his alien home in Los Angeles, California, he has sent a fiery challenge across the seas to Count Szechenyeni in Hungary, and from the safe distance of 6000 miles the Count bade the Archduke come over and settle it.

But even in these penurious days an Archduke must travel to a duel with some sort of state and ceremony, and he calculated that £1000 was the least on which he could manage to do the thing well. So he was forced to retreat from his hostile attitude till his affairs improved.

## Gate Money

Here comes in the Yankee business sense. A clever man who has managed several trifling disputes between Jack Dempsey, Carpentier, Gene Tunney, Firpo, and a host of other somebodies and nobodies, has offered his assistance. He will furnish the £1000 and 20 per cent of the gate money if the Archduke and the Count will meet under his management at the New York Stadium.

To avoid unnecessary bloodshed no pistols or other dangerous weapons will be used. The adversaries will meet with eight-ounce boxing gloves, which ought to ensure a gentlemanly and even an entertaining upshot to the encounter.

In the brave old days the duel was one of the brave things; we like the new way of making it pay its way.



August 27, 1927

## The Children's Newspaper

7

## THE GREAT MUSIC SHOW

## LIKE A WEMBLEY OF SOUND

Instruments Four Yards Long and Notes Like Walnuts

## THE EVENT THAT ENGLAND MISSED

By a Musical Correspondent

One of our musical correspondents has been to see the great Frankfort music exhibition, and she sends us these notes of what she saw there.

For a month or more a regular Wembley of music has been going on in Frankfort. I very much doubt if there will ever be such an exhibition again; there has certainly never been one like it before in the history of music.

Part 1 of the exhibition had all the old manuscripts as well as quite modern ones, together with the earliest musical instruments and quite up-to-date ones. It was strange to see a music book a yard long, with notes the size of walnuts, for that is how the music of 1450 looked.

## Sounds Like Snake-Bites

When I saw the very early instruments I wondered how our ancestors had ever been able to make sounds at all. A corkscrew-shaped wooden flute called a serpent looked as if it would sooner bite you than pipe a tune; yet the latest kind of saxophone looks just as fierce. If a "serpent" cannot bray I am positive the saxophone could, and make sounds like snake-bites.

Part 2 contained different sections given over to the various countries—except England, alas! for I am afraid we in England did not hear of the exhibition in time: I could not find any British section. Sweden possesses the longest instrument I have ever seen. It is a horn 14 feet long, made of wood. Fairy-tale giants might have tooted a little tune on it, but it would have been hard for us to coax any kind of sound out of its very long inside.

## Picturesque Relics

Russia was very gay, its large concert posters looking like decorations, for Russian letters have pretty shapes. Here I saw a life-size picture of some old women playing the double-bass on the village green; others were playing the balalaika, their national instrument.

When I arrived at Part 3 of the exhibition I found it was given up to a collection of picturesque relics of towns which have made musical history.

Part 4 held everything that has to do with the music-making of today. There was a lovely music class-room with a brand new blackboard, and comfortable desks with lines and spaces printed on the lids all ready for musical dictation. Near by was a lovely music-room with a pale grey piano, and chairs to match covered with blue silk—the kind of room in which you would always want to be good. Not even the liveliest tune could disturb those silken cushions.

## Little Rhine Maidens

Next came Part 5 with lots of little model stages for the great operas, no bigger than handkerchiefs but all lit up. I saw the tiniest Carmen skipping across the stage in one scene; and in another little Rhine maidens floated about behind a dark blue veil and looked as if they really were swimming. You should have seen the dragon that Siegfried was to kill, not much bigger than a caterpillar!

But the prettiest sight of all was a glass case full of birds, only those birds which could sing a tune of some sort being allowed in. At first I thought the blackbird was real, he looked so sleek and silky; but when I saw a fat little canary I realised that he was stuffed with clay. A thrush gazed longingly

## POOR OOJAH AND HER BOOTS

ALTHOUGH the Zoo can perform surgical operations on its animals, mend broken limbs and cure many other complaints, it seems unable to do anything to cure animals suffering from rickets.

The saddest example of this is the case of a pigmy elephant called Oojah. After she had been in the gardens a few months Oojah developed rickets in so acute a form that her front legs were bowed inward until they almost touched. She was at once taken to be X-rayed, and as the plates showed that the bones of her legs were healthy, though curved, a pair of boots was made for the elephant in the hope that by wearing them constantly her legs would grow straight again. The boots were made of leather, fortified with steel up the sides.

Oojah raised no objections when the boots were strapped on to her legs, and obviously found them a relief, for whenever they were taken off to be adjusted she would lean her trunk on the ground and so take all the weight of her body off her poor front legs.

But Oojah has worn these boots now for eighteen months and her legs are no better. From time to time she is taken to be X-rayed, but the plates show no sign of any improvement. She takes a little exercise in the yard of the hospital, being tame and gentle enough to be allowed freedom, but without the boots she walks only with difficulty. She is given a special daily ration of milk, a hundred bananas, and twelve pounds of apples, but nothing seems to help her to regain normal health.

The cause of her trouble is not known, but before she came to the Zoo Oojah lived on a plantation, where she roamed from bungalow to bungalow to be fed and petted, and no doubt she found the Elephant House too depressing after so much liberty and so much petting.

Unhappily there are many monkeys at the Zoo suffering from the same complaint, and, though a diet of butter and other nourishing food and a course of ultra-violet rays helps them for a time, they soon become crippled again.

## U-BOAT MINE AS A LETTER-BOX



On board the Canadian Pacific liner Empress of Australia is the remarkable letter-box shown in this picture. It has been made from an old German floating mine picked up during the war

into the eyes of a green lovebird; and beside them a party of robins were trying to sing a nightingale to sleep.

Another case had beautiful china figures in it. A seraph with his harp floated up toward a cherub who quietly played a flute, and there was a wonderful archangel blowing a trumpet as if to summon all the small angels to join in his praise.

In yet another show case was the dearest orchestra of monkeys in old-fashioned dresses, all made of china too. I shall never forget the expression on the face of the little fellow who was playing the bassoon, his funny face puckered up and his coat-tails quivering with excitement.

And then I looked up to find I had come to the end of it all.

## PIT BOYS IN THE SUN

## A Little Trip to the Alps

Colliery workers get little chance to see the Sun even when they are above ground, and the New Health Society and the Sunlight League are anxious to give them the benefit of the wonderful sun-ray lamp.

The Sherwood Colliery near Nottingham is to install the apparatus immediately. And meanwhile, to convince the local population of the health value of sunlight, real or artificial, five pit-lads from the colliery have been taken on a fortnight's holiday for sun-baths in the Alps! They are staying at a little chalet in Switzerland.

## WONDERFUL GATES IN THE ABBEY

## OLD BEAUTY COMING TO LIGHT

The Man Who Put a Mark on a Famous Face

## TORRIGIANO'S LEGACY

Last year was notable for the coming to the British Museum of a splendid drawing by Michael Angelo, his original sketch of Adam for the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in Rome. This year is notable for the renewed triumph in Westminster Abbey of Michael Angelo's bitterest rival, Pietro Torrigiano.

Torrighiano's known works at Westminster, the tomb and chapel of Henry the Seventh and his queen, have been for 400 years among the richest architectural treasures we possess, unique alike for their beauty and grandeur and for the fact that the tombs are the first in which dead sovereigns of England were buried in the earth and not upon it. Torrigiano took six years over his task, and was paid £1500, about £20,000 in our money.

## The Finest Gates in Europe

But there is a lovely set of gates from his gifted hands, separating the chapel from the body of the abbey, and these, encrusted with the smoke and dirt of centuries of London air, have been defaced and begrimed out of memory and recognition. They are now being cleaned; one has already appeared in its ancient charm and glory, and critics say that when the work is completed we shall see restored the finest gates in Europe.

How came Torrigiano of Florence wonder-working in our Abbey? He fled to escape the wrath which his ungovernable temper had kindled against him in his native land, and was compelled to spend many years in exile here. How it began we know from the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini.

## A Story Told by Cellini

Let Cellini tell us. Torrigiano has returned from London to Florence to enlist men to help him in Westminster Abbey, and Benvenuto has agreed to join him when Torrigiano picks up a superb drawing of Michael Angelo.

Here is a picture of Torrigiano at that moment. "He was singularly handsome, with a bold bearing and the air rather of a great soldier than of a sculptor, especially having regard to his commanding gestures and his fine-sounding voice, while his frown was enough to scare the bravest." Chatting of his success in London, Torrigiano looked at the drawing and told this story:

"Michael Angelo and I, when we were lads, used to go to the Church of the Carmine to study in the Chapel of Masaccio. Now, he had a habit of teasing all the rest of us who were drawing there. And one day in particular he was annoying me and I was more vexed than usual, so I stretched out my hand and dealt him such a blow on the nose that I felt the bone and the cartilage yield under my fist as if they had been made of crisp wafer. And so he'll go with my mark upon him to his dying day."

## Undying Works

And so Michael Angelo did. For 70 of his 86 years the greatest man of his age bore upon his face the disfigurement we associate with prize-fighters.

The quarrel drove Torrigiano to England to enrich us with undying works, but it also deprived us of Benvenuto, who, horrified at hearing of the sacrilege of violence done to his idol, declined the chance to accompany Torrigiano. Eventually Torrigiano wandered off to Spain, and, fierce and haughty to the last when he considered himself treated with insufficient honour, starved himself to death.

Today his fame glows again, and we remember only his merit and his genius.



## THE MUSIC MAKERS OF HASLEMERE

### Young Carl Dolmetsch and His Instruments

#### OLD MELODY REVIVED

A wonderful work is being quietly done at Haslemere, of which C.N. readers already know something.

This year the annual Festival of Chamber Music is occupying a full fortnight, conducted by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, who has consecrated his life to the revival of the instrumental music for which Britain was famous before the frivolity of the Restoration overwhelmed it. Mr. Dolmetsch has revived not only the music but the instruments on which it was played, viols, lutes, recorders, virginals, harpsichords, clavichords, without whose help it cannot properly be appreciated.

#### Family of Musicians

Both in making and playing the instruments Mr. Dolmetsch is helped by his wife and four children, the youngest of whom, Carl, only 15 years old, plays four instruments at the Festival, the recorder, tenor viol, violin, and viola, his performances including a solo part in the great Bach Concerto for two viols and cello.

Carl also works all day in the workshop. He has made a whole recorder himself and has even tuned the holes, which, one can well imagine, requires extraordinary delicacy of both hand and ear. It is declared that Carl's recorder could not be surpassed by any wind-instrument maker in the world. Yet his supreme interest in life is breeding golden pheasants!

This year's Festival embraces a number of old-world dances. It goes on until September 3.

## AN OLD LADY'S WAY

### The Touch of Nature That Makes Us Kin

Here is a charming glimpse of human character in a note from a North Country reader—a glimpse of right feeling in both a doer and an onlooker.

Our city had a flag day in aid of its medical charities. In one of the thoroughfares stood an old lady with her tray and collecting-box. When I remarked, while adding my contribution, that it was a cold morning she told me she had been out since seven o'clock, and had already had one box filled with coins. Only a few emblems were left in her tray.

Then she added that her husband was seventy and she was not in very good health, and they had been glad to take advantage of Dispensary Letters enabling them to have free medical advice and treatment, so she had felt she must do all she could as a collector as a mark of her gratitude.

It seemed to me that this poor old lady was adding her mite to a good cause in a particularly kind way.

## THE CHINESE CHEMIST

### Grasshoppers for Medicine

A famous scientist has recently given an account of the rather scanty training of the average Chinese apothecary.

A Chinese chemist has little knowledge of many of the drugs which modern science has given us, and his principal medicines are derived from plants and animals. Among his most favoured remedies are fly maggots, fish worms, grasshoppers, dried silkworms, and beetles. The roots of the thistle, the lotus, and the ginseng and the saliva of toads are other favourite medicines.

The Chinese chemist of today is working on very much the same lines as the English apothecary of the seventeenth century. We wonder whether the Chinese are very much worse off with only these simple remedies!

## WORLD'S OLDEST KING

### Ruler of Cambodia and His 500 Wives COUNTRY WITH A FAMOUS PAST

King Sisowath of Cambodia has died in his 88th year, the world's oldest king.

His ancestors were emperors 14 centuries ago, but he had become subject to France, Cambodia being part of her Indo-China Protectorate. Sisowath succeeded his brother Norodom 23 years ago.

It is said that he leaves 500 widows to mourn his loss! He visited Paris several times, and took with him on the first occasion ten score of the most skilful dancers among his wives! On State occasions he wore a bowler hat, with a knob of diamonds on the top worth £20,000.

Cambodia has a population of two-and-a-half millions and covers 67,000 square miles. It has more relics of former civilisations than any other country in Asia. It is in this country that there lies the great city called Angkor, half buried in the jungle, with an enormous temple and long avenues of animals carved in stone. Angkor is among the world's most famous ruins.

## THE BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY

### A Thin Red Line of Happiness

One of our readers tells us that the other day he met on the way to Windsor as joyous a treat as ever he has seen.

There were eleven largest-size red omnibuses piled inside and out with children, mostly singing, and another omnibus with a band. The poet has made us sadly familiar with the thin red line in war; this was a thin red line of happiness.

It was not an ordinary treat, for there were no teachers, though there were two V.A.D. nurses and one or two grown-up friends of the driver or the conductor on each bus.

It was, in fact, the treat which the London and General busmen give each year to 600 poor children, whom they collect and take down to Burnham Beeches. The drivers and conductors give up their day's pay to take them down, and all the busmen of the company subscribe something each pay day out of their wages to provide dinner and tea and toys.

The nurses give their services, of course, and so does the band; but otherwise it is a regular busman's holiday—which the busman gives to others. We are sure he enjoys it too.

## A WRITER'S SACRIFICE

### Why a Book Did Not Appear

An interesting story is told about Mr. Ward Muir, a brave journalist who died not long ago.

One day he told a friend that he had finished a new novel and sent it to the publishers. Of course he was eager for its appearance. A few days later he met the same friend, and when the friend spoke about the book Muir said: "I have had to tell the publishers to stop. It cannot be printed as it is. One day, perhaps, I may have spirit enough to rewrite it, but I am too disheartened now."

The friend asked what had happened, and the reply was one that did the author honour. A middle-aged woman had confided in him the sorrowful story of her life, and to his amazement he found that it was the same as the plot of his novel. If she had read the book she would have felt that he had put her in the pillory for all the world to stare at. Rather than wound her he withdrew his book, although it had cost him months of work.

How many men would have made the sacrifice? It was truly a great one.

Before he had time to rewrite his novel Ward Muir's long struggle for health was over.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



### Gathered by

Salford has borrowed £28,000 to buy 87 acres of land for playing fields.

A mushroom big enough to cover a dinner-plate has been picked in Jersey.

Two hundred Dutch Boy Scouts have been on a ten days' visit to England.

Lincoln is abandoning her tramway system for buses.

Two Parisian youths went by canoe from Paris to Brest, 440 miles, in 16 days.

#### A Veteran Schoolmaster

There is an endowed school headmaster in Radnorshire still teaching at 92.

#### The Motor-Bus Wins

A 30-year-old cable tramway up the hill at Matlock has given way to a motor-bus service.

#### Blackpool and Beauty

Municipal house tenants at Blackpool who neglect their gardens have received notice to quit.

#### Old Inhabitants

In the Yorkshire village of Hutton Cranswick there are 17 inhabitants whose average age is 84 years.

#### Rain Means Loss of Revenue

The wet summer has halved the revenue from the hiring of chairs on Brighton front.

#### Human Hair from China

Pigtails having gone out of fashion in China, tons of human hair are being exported to Hull.

#### A Raphael Discovered

A painting by Raphael and his foreman, Penni, has been discovered in Italy. It was picked up at a country sale.

#### A New Alpine Railway

A new mountain railway has just been opened, reaching a height of 8000 feet, on the Aiguille du Midi, above Chamonix.

#### The Cat and the Rabbit

A baby rabbit at Adlington, in Lancashire, has a South African wild cat as its foster-mother.

#### Mallets for Motor-Buses

Bath motor-buses are to carry iron mallets for breaking the rear windows in cases of emergency.

#### Teachers in Conference

Nearly 200 British educators have attended an Education Conference at Locarno at which 38 countries were represented.

#### Calls to Scotland Yard

As 400 calls were made every day, Scotland Yard has had to refuse to receive telephone messages dealing with lost property.

#### A Famous Wardrobe

The famous wardrobe in which Private Fowler was hidden for four years during the war is now being exhibited at the Imperial War Museum.

#### A Stratford Find

A wall-painting by a monk of the Middle Ages has been found during alterations at the White Swan Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon.

#### A Potato Curiosity

A potato with a sprout eight feet long has been found in a dark cellar in Coningsby, Lincolnshire. It was entirely without soil.

#### Recruiting on Board Ship

Forty passengers were formed into Boy Scouts and Girl Guides during the Suevic's voyage home from Australia and the Cape.

#### Well Played

The girls of Plumstead Secondary School have handed over to the Playing Fields Fund the money that was to buy their sports prizes.

#### The Thrush's Nest

A thrush built a nest, in which it laid five eggs, on the brake handle of a goods wagon standing in a Lincolnshire railway siding.

#### 300,000 Holidays

The Fascist Party, with the help of the Italian Government and other societies, is sending 300,000 poor children for a summer holiday.

#### Dorchester's Record Hen

The record life for a hen, 19 years, has been broken by a Dorchester hen, which has died at 21. It was laying well till last year.

## ABOLITION OF QUIET PLACES

### Peace of the Lake Country Passing Away

#### THE CRAZE FOR SPEED AND NOISE

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!" was the craving of William Cowper's heart.

He wanted it that he might get away from man's inhumanity to man. Millions will soon feel the same craving for seclusion that they may get away from the craze for speed and the craze for noise.

These twin madnesses seem to be everywhere. Perhaps noise has had a little check, though the Home Secretary still fails to keep his word and stop the shrieks of the motor-cyclist hooligan. But the craze for barren speed rages as senselessly as ever, and takes its daily toll of death. Where can we escape it?

#### Motor-Boats on Windermere

Of all places in England, one would hope and pray that these brutish mechanical things would leave the lovely Lake District alone. There, if anywhere, the lover of quiet Nature ought to be able to find rest. But what is the news that comes to the hundreds of thousands of lovers of that enchanted region, scattered all over the British Isles?

It is that motor-boats are racing on Lake Windermere. Some boats, it seems, have even now arrived to practise, and echoes of these throbbing terrors are shattering the quietude of the region to such an extent that hundreds of people have signed a protest and an inquiry is now being held.

"Noise?" say the racing advocates. "Who objects to noise?" The motor-coach thousands who come at the weekend are not like the people who used to come here. They like noise."

#### People Who Like Noise

We are quite sure that the thought of motor-boats racing frantically on quiet Windermere will send a shudder through tens of thousands of people who think of the Lake District as one of the last sanctuaries against senseless speed and hideous noise.

It is good to see that Wordsworth's grandson was a witness at the inquiry the other day, giving evidence, of course, against the racing craze.

"Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep" Wordsworth wrote of Westminster Bridge; now it seems that Westminster Bridge itself is no noisier than Windermere with the motor-boats.

## PACKED JOURNALISM

### How to Get the Papers On Your Side

Mussolini's great engine for the suppression of opinions differing from his own is being steadily perfected.

Journalists, like farm labourers and bricklayers and engineers, have been brigaded into disciplined corporations, but only journalists of "undoubted faith" may become members. Men whose political opinions were in doubt were invited to declare themselves loyal Fascists, and those who refused to sign have been excluded from the profession.

An official announcement by the secretary of this Fascist Syndicate of Journalists makes this proud boast:

"More than a hundred journalists, some of whom have had very great influence on Italian political life, have been definitely excluded from the ranks of journalism. The Fascist syndicate will not allow any of them to resume in any possible way the exercise of the journalistic profession."

So the Italian newspapers will be found to be unanimously in favour of Mussolini and his methods.



August 27, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

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## AT A MAORI FEAST A PEEP AT NATIVE LIFE The Good Relations Between Two Races in New Zealand THE STEAMING MOUND

From a reader in the southern part of New Zealand we have received a description of a scene which illustrates how the white people and the native Maoris live as neighbours in great goodwill with each other.

My father (says our correspondent) was in charge of a dairy factory and post office in a little country place seven miles from the nearest small town. We children—my brother, sister, and myself—rode to school, nearly four miles, over roads that in winter were impassable except on horseback. Fifteen white children and seventeen Maori children attended the little school.

When we left that district the Maori Chief suggested that a presentation should be made to my father, but he did not encourage the idea. The Chief, however, urged on him that at least we should attend a Maori Feast, to which all the people of the district should be invited. So we went.

### How the Feast was Prepared

It was a gloriously fine and sunny day, but we only reached the Maori settlement by riding through a sea of mud after we left the road to the school. There the women were preparing the feast, and this was their method.

First they dug a round hole, in which they placed large, smooth stones. On them they lit a fire. When the stones were hot they scraped the fire off and spread over the stones layers of sweet potatoes and a kind of marrow peelings, and then a wet sack; then more sweet potatoes and more peelings in layer after layer. Finally earth was heaped over all, the mound being by that time about two feet high. On another fire huge pieces of meat were boiling merrily in kerosene tins.

When we returned from a ramble with our schoolmates steam was issuing from the top of the mound. This was the sign that the vegetables were cooked. Maori matting was spread on the ground, and on it spotless cloths were laid for the white guests. The old Chief stood on a fallen tree trunk and announced that the feast was ready.

### Sports in the Paddock

All were seated cross-legged on the ground. Everything was beautifully clean and of the best. True, there were not enough plates, knives, forks, or spoons, but nobody minded that. All were used to backwood life, and the youngsters were quite ready to eat jellies out of cups.

After the feast we had sports in a big paddock, and at night a dance, but owing to the state of the road we had to leave before dark.

The majority of the Maoris live in the North Island, as the South Island climate is too cold for them in the winter. In the South, about April to June, the Maoris go to an island south of Stewart Island called Mutton Bird Island. The men and boys catch birds, which the women pack in kelp and then in baskets made from flax. This is called mutton-birding. The food so preserved is the main dish of the Southlanders in the cold weather.

## THE LITTER LOUT What Birmingham is Doing

Birmingham is making serious efforts to stop the litter nuisance in its streets and public places. It has a by-law which prohibits throwing down waste-paper, but that is not enough. An Anti-Litter Week is now suggested. But why not a National Anti-Litter Week?

## ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

### Painter of Napoleon's Day

Louis-David was born on August 31, 1748.

Two painters of the name of David figure in European art—Gerard David, one of the masters of the late fifteenth-century Flemish School, and Jacques Louis David, who completely dominated the art of France at the end of the eighteenth century.

David was born in Paris. He was the nephew of the French painter Boucher, and studied with him for some time. Boucher loved Watteau and tried to imitate him. He could not attain to Watteau's sensitive and dainty charm, and he became a rollicking decorative painter who flung pretty forms on the canvas and sought purely for easy effect. Boucher's nephew hated this kind of work intensely.

### The Influence of Vien

When he was twenty-one he passed into the studio of Vien, a painter of a very different stamp, whose mind was working in reaction against the frivolities of French art. Five years later David and Vien were in Rome together, and there the young man fell completely under the spell of classical art.

About the middle of the nineteenth century the discoveries at Herculaneum and Pompeii had set men's minds searching for the lost purity of the art of Greece and Rome. David became a fervent disciple of this new-old ideal in art. He studied classical models, drew relentlessly in season and out, became a great master of form, had everything that would make a sculptor except the skill in plastic art. His pictures often looked as if the people on the canvas were statues, cold and hard, with no warm, throbbing life, no vibrating colour.

### The Return to Classical Art

In 1780 Louis returned to Paris and painted a classical picture which brought about his membership of the Academy. Four years later he painted the famous Oath of the Horatii, which took Paris by storm. Henceforward, until some years after the death of David, nothing was deemed fit to appear in Paris save pictures painted in the spirit of classical art. Later came pictures like the Death of Socrates, Brutus Condemning his Son.

The Revolution came and went, and David was drawn into the conflict. He was an ardent Jacobin, and, in life as in art, fought at a white heat for his principles. He was a member of the Convention, a member of the Committee of Public Safety, and all the time his soul lived apart. He seemed not to be aware of the horrors of the mob; he was wholly absorbed in the theory of Fraternity and Equality.

The Revolution made this strange fanatic dictator of art in France. Napoleon presently installed him as Court painter. He pushed the classical style to its utmost limits. All the decorative art of the period, the dress and manners, the national fêtes, were modelled on the classical style.

### Development on Broader Lines

David's pictures range from subjects like the Death of Marat, the Coronation of Napoleon, the Distribution of the Eagles, to portraits of pope and cardinal, Monsieur Sériziat, and the incomparable Madame Récamier. His portraits bear the stamp of all that was best in David, a passion for pure form and structure. Like all extremists he went too far.

He did not come scathless through the disorders of the Revolution. More than once he all but paid with his life for the part he had taken. In 1816 he was banished from the country, and ended his days in Brussels, where he died on December 29, 1825. He was painting to the end, chiefly portraits, and it is curious to see that when he was old this tyrant in art had softened a little, perhaps influenced by Hals and the Flemings. His style became broader, freer. If he could have begun his life again Europe might have seen a supreme genius.

## LIFE ON AN OLD ISLAND Discovery of a Stone-Age Rubbish Heap 200,000 FLINT TOOLS

There are in the north of Europe many archaeologists who are always on the look-out for traces of prehistoric man in their countries, and Mr. Erik Westerby has made a very interesting discovery at Bloksbjerg, near Copenhagen.

He has found there, in a valley which at one time was a fiord, a hill which, before the land was uplifted, must have been an island. On this island there lived during the Stone Age a race of people who left behind them abundant traces of their civilisation. About two hundred thousand flint and stone flakes, axes, planes, scrapers, and other tools have been unearthed, with implements made of horn and bone and fragments of very coarse pottery.

### Ten Thousand Years Ago

At one level a kind of pavement made of large stones was uncovered, but the use to which this was put is uncertain. A skeleton (unfortunately in a bad state of preservation) was also unearthed, and many remains of animals and birds were found, including those of a dog and many wild swans.

It is probable that the Bloksbjerg encampment existed about ten thousand years ago, but still earlier signs of man's presence in the far north have been discovered. The general belief is that human beings were not living in those parts until the Ice Age had disappeared, but this was once thought to be the case in England, whereas we know now that man was here before the glaciers.

Modern research is tending to show that man had almost as wide a distribution over the Earth's surface as he has today, and it would not be surprising to learn that traces of Palaeolithic people had been found in the most northerly parts of Europe.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

### How Far is the Amazon Navigable for Ocean-going Steamers?

Steamers go up the Amazon as far as Iquitos, in Peru, 2300 miles from the mouth.

### Who was the Fair Maid of Kent?

Joan Countess of Salisbury, wife of the Black Prince and only daughter of Edmund Plantagenet, Earl of Kent.

### How Did Electricity Get Its Name?

The word was used in the 17th century because the phenomena of attraction were first observed in rubbed amber, the Greek word for which is elektron.

### Who Founded the Order of the Garter?

This was originally instituted as a purely military order by Edward III about 1348, to include the sovereign, Prince of Wales, and 24 other knights.

### When was Pompeii Destroyed?

It was destroyed by an earthquake in A.D. 63, and after being rebuilt was overwhelmed by an eruption of Vesuvius on the night of August 24, 79.

### What was the Flying Dutchman?

A spectral ship supposed to be seen in stormy weather off the Cape of Good Hope. It was said to have been a ship on which a tragedy occurred, followed by plague, and no port would allow it to enter. Hence it still wanders about like a ghost.

### Was Florence Nightingale the Correct Name of this Lady?

Yes; but her father was originally William Edward Shore. When he came of age in 1815 he assumed by royal sign-manual the surname of Nightingale on inheriting the Derbyshire estates of his mother's uncle, Peter Nightingale.

### Are the Returned Jews Going to Rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem?

There is no likelihood of this at present. After Herod's temple was burned in A.D. 70 only one attempt was made to rebuild it. The work was begun in 363 at the command of the Emperor Julian, but his sudden death stopped it.

## THE LITTLE STARS IN CYGNUS SOLAR SYSTEM'S NEAREST NEIGHBOURS

Two Suns 6000 Million Miles  
Apart Seen as One  
TRAVELLING SEVENTY TIMES  
FASTER THAN A BULLET

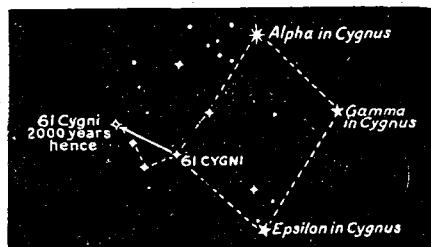
By the C.N. Astronomer

Venus has now vanished from the evening sky; but though no longer apparent to the naked eye her large, slender crescent is a beautiful object through the telescope.

By the end of September Venus will reappear in the east where, rising about 5 a.m., she will be visible before sunrise.

On Saturday, September 3, Saturn may be seen close to the half Moon, being a little below and to the right of her. About 5 p.m. on that day Saturn will be only a third of the Moon's apparent width below her, but, owing to daylight, he will not be perceptible except through good glasses or an astronomical telescope.

In the earlier part of the week, while the nights are still dark owing to the



Where to find the nearest star visible in the evening now

Moon's absence, an interesting exploration might be made to find the nearest visible star now above us in the evening.

This is the little star 61 in Cygnus. It is almost overhead between 10 and 11 o'clock, and its position relative to certain bright stars may be gleaned from last week's star map.

This region of the heavens is covered with myriads of suns—veritable star clouds, which appear to the eye as patches of faint light. This light has taken from two thousand to twenty thousand years to reach us from the millions of suns that are revealed through powerful telescopes.

In the foreground, as it were, of all these myriads are two small suns, so small that one radiates only one-fifteenth and the other one-thirtieth of the light of our Sun; these appear to the eye as one small star of the fifth magnitude, though they are 6000 million miles apart.

They are among our Sun's nearest neighbours, being but 11 light-years distant, or 722,000 times as far off as our Sun.

### Thirty-Five Miles a Second

Field-glasses will be a great help to us in seeing these two little suns, which are racing across the heavens at about 35 miles a second. This is seventy times as fast as a bullet leaves a rifle; yet so far away are these suns that it will take 2000 years for them to travel to the point indicated by the arrow in the map.

They are also approaching us so fast that every second they become 26 miles nearer; yet it can be seen how little difference 2000 years is likely to make in the relative positions of the Earth and these two "dying suns" of 61 Cygni, as astronomers call them. G. F. M.

**Other Worlds.** In the evening Saturn south-west, Jupiter and Uranus south-east.

### The Sky This Month

All readers of this column will be interested to see the chart of the heavens which appears in the September number of My Magazine, which is now on sale everywhere, showing the positions and distances of the chief constellations. It is designed by G. F. M.



# THE RIVER PIRATES

A Tale of Adventure

By Herbert Strang

## CHAPTER 43

### News at the Fort

THE face that Michael had seen indistinctly in the reeds was now explained. Mirski had escaped, and he was an enemy scarcely less formidable than Ming Wang Tang himself. But there was no time to hunt for him. Every moment was precious.

"Have you heard the sound of a motor-boat?" Michael asked.

"No, my honourable friend; there has not been any such panting sound, which I could not mistake," replied the farmer.

"Then we are in time! What is it, Ah Sung?"

The boy had held up his hand as if commanding silence. They stood for a moment breathlessly listening. Yes! From the distance came the faint throbbing which, as Lo Fing had said, was unmistakable.

"It can't be far away," said Michael, "for sound won't carry far in the swamp, through all these beds of reeds. Cast off, Ah Sung."

The moorings were cast off, and in a minute or two Ah Sung had guided the launch through the reeds to the spot where the tunnel of shrubs and tall rushes emerged into the creek. There they stopped, taking care that the nose of the boat did not project from the rushes into the open water. But Michael started up the engine, allowing it to "tick over" slowly and almost without sound.

The throbbing of the approaching boat could now be more clearly heard. She was moving at no great pace, for the tide was still running up, though it was now not far from high water.

A few minutes of tense waiting, then Ah Sung from the bows whispered:

"My look-see boat that side."

He pointed to the right, and Michael saw the Borosina rounding a bend less than a quarter-mile up the creek.

"Get ready," he said quickly. "Ah Sung, just lift your hand when the launch is about a hundred yards away."

The boy was crouching in the bows, peering over the gunwale. Scarcely a minute after Michael had spoken he raised his hand. Michael instantly threw the engine into gear, put the helm hard over, and, swinging out into the creek, headed straight for the on-coming launch.

There was a great shouting and commotion on board that vessel, but the crew, taken utterly by surprise, had little time to cope with the unexpected situation. Without Mirski, their head, they were at a loss. In less than ten seconds the two vessels were alongside each other.

Michael had already reversed. Meanwhile Ah Sung dexterously twitched a rope to the starboard rail of the Borosina, and with a jerk the two boats swung in side by side toward the bank. But before they touched land Michael left the wheel, seized his rifle, and with the rest of his company swarmed on to the Borosina's deck.

For two minutes there was a lively tussle between knives on one side and clubbed rifles on the other. Not a shot was fired, for Michael, apart from his desire to avoid bloodshed, was specially anxious not to give the alarm to any of the pirates who might be in the neighbourhood.

The four Chinese on board, outnumbered and demoralised by the suddenness and the vigour of the attack, threw down their knives and begged for quarter the moment their leader fell to a knock-down blow from Ah Sung. It was the work of only a minute or two to tie them up and lay them along the deck, and Michael had the satisfaction of seeing that, except for bruises

and a few slight knife wounds, neither party was much the worse.

"Now we'll get back to the fort," he said. "Ah Sung, you take the Bantam. I'll stay here."

The Borosina leading, the two launches set off up the creek on the turn of the tide.

"How did Mirski escape?" asked Michael.

"It will be a reproach to me till the end of my days," replied Lo Fing. "Thinking that the Russian was securely bound on the island, I yielded to the demand of nature and fell asleep on board the launch. My only excuse, honourable sir, is that I had been through great agitations and fatigues. When I awoke, lo, that prisoner had escaped from my custody. He was gone; he had disappeared. I sought him diligently in the small boat, but it was like climbing a tree to hunt for fish. Mirski was no more."

"I caught sight of him as we came through the swamp," said Michael. "I wonder what has become of him. He could not have heard the sound of his launch or he would have intercepted it. No doubt we shall hear something of him by and by."

They made a quick passage up the creek to the lake, moored the launches alongside the jetty, and hurried into the fort. Here they were met with great news. Bunce had not been content to remain idly in charge of the prisoners. Under threat of firing again at the disabled junk, he had ordered its crew to come ashore.

"And then I saw twas a mercy my first shot had done no more damage than bring down the mast, sir," he said; "for in the filthy hold of that vessel there was my captain—"

"Captain Richards, who we thought was killed?"

"The same, sir, and several of my messmates besides. They were very weak, as you might expect, kept below decks on that foul vessel, without fresh air and with very little food, and that only rice. What true-born Englishman could keep up his pecker on rice? I ask you. Well, I got 'em out, and Mr. Chang is now looking after them in yon shanty. I see you caught that there launch, sir. And now what's next?"

"That's to be considered. I'll go and see your friends; perhaps they can advise us."

He hurried to the shanty where the late prisoners, looking wan and haggard after their privations, were being tended by Chang and Larry. Warm greetings passed between them and Michael, but it was clear that they were in no condition either to take part immediately in any active operations or even to advise, from their knowledge of their captors, what practical steps might be taken.

"You've wirelessed to Hong Kong, of course?" said Michael to Larry.

"Well, no, I haven't, because I couldn't," was Larry's crestfallen reply. "You see, when we escaped from the fort I thought I'd dish the pirates by dropping the carburettor into the lake, so that even if I were recaptured they couldn't make use of the wireless. I never dreamed that we might want it ourselves."

"Naturally. At the time it was a good move. Well, it can't be helped. We'll have to rely solely on ourselves. It's a hard nut to crack. The return of the flotilla will mean probably two or three hundred ruffianly Chinese to reckon with, and I dare say artillery. All we can muster are barely fifty men, mostly untrained villagers, very little good against professional desperadoes."

"One thing you can do, at any rate: send out scouts to give warning of their return."

"A good idea; early warning is indispensable. Chang, you pick

out three good men, will you—good runners? They'll act as relays. One of them had better go to the head of the creek—that's about nine miles away, I think—the other two at intervals. The distance by water is nearly twenty miles, nearly a day's journey for slow-moving junks; and so we ought, at any rate, to have time to prepare."

## CHAPTER 44

### The Flotilla Returns

THE runners had no sooner been despatched than Michael called his friends into consultation. "You'll have to go to Hong Kong, Larry," he said.

"Not I; I won't leave you," replied his brother.

"But you must. Someone must go; we can't communicate by wireless. You must run off with Chang in Mirski's launch; she's a little faster than the Bantam. Between you you can very well manage."

"But why send me?"

"Because the people at Hong Kong will pay more attention to an Englishman than they would to a Chinese unsupported. Tell them what has happened, and say that I'll do my best to hold the fort until I'm relieved. And I think you had better take Lo Fing also. He would be very useful if you got into difficulties on the way down the creek. You couldn't possibly run the gauntlet of the junks if you met them before you got to the open sea. They could easily block the way and blow the launch out of the water with their guns. But if you could dodge them—and there Lo Fing would come in—and once get clear you could, no doubt, outrun any of them. They haven't any motor craft among them."

"I suppose there's plenty of petrol?"

"You may be sure that Mirski has a stock somewhere in the fort. See about it, there's a good chap. The sooner you are off the better, so as to escape the returning flotilla if you can."

Within half an hour the Borosina, with Larry, Chang, and Lo Fing on board, and well primed with petrol, was on its way down the creek. Michael, meanwhile, in consultation with Bunce and Hi Fo, had decided to bring all the remaining population of the village into the fort. Only in this way could they be secured against the rage and vengeance of the pirates.

Messengers were accordingly sent to the village to bring the people in, with a supply of provisions and such articles of value as they could carry.

While this was being done Michael walked round the fort with Bunce. "I can't help feeling a bit

anxious," he said. "Suppose Larry doesn't get through? Or suppose, if he does, that the flotilla returns before help comes? The pirates are sure to attack us. How can we hope to beat them with only this rabble of untrained peasants?"

"They wouldn't stand much chance against well-armed pirates, that's true," said Bunce; "but the pirates have got to get into the fort before they fight us, and I reckon as one man inside walls is equal to five outside. Furthermore, we've got their leader, and without him they'll be in a bit of a quandary. They won't be able to decide all in a minute what they're going to do, and while they're talking and argy-bargy time will slip away, and that'll be to our good."

In some two or three hours after the departure of the messengers the villagers began to arrive. They did not come in a compact body, but in straggling groups of old men, women, and children, staggering under loads of provisions and household stuff. They were still dropping in when Ah Sung, who had been posted on the wall, shouted that he saw a motor-boat running into the lake from the creek. Michael hurried to his side, and saw almost at the first glance that the approaching boat was none other than the Borosina. His heart heavy with misgiving, he ran to the jetty and awaited anxiously the arrival of his brother.

"It's no go, Mike," said Larry. "We couldn't get through."

"You met the flotilla?"

"Not exactly. We had almost got to the mouth of the creek, and I was flattering myself on an easy job, when we caught sight of junks ahead. I ran the Borosina into the reeds and Lo Fing scouted down the creek. He discovered two junks guarding a strong boom."

"Have they somehow got wind of what has happened?"

"I can't see how they could have. More likely it was just a precautionary measure to prevent interference with their operations. At any rate, I saw it was quite impossible to get through, and so I came back."

"That means that we are quite cut off from the outside world. No help can reach us, and we shall have to rely wholly on ourselves."

The gravity of the position could not be disguised. Michael told Larry what had already been done to prepare for the worst, and the little company spent long hours in discussing every aspect of the problem. They could not but agree that, even if the pirates refrained from bombarding the fort, they still had the whip hand, for they could starve the occupants out.

Just before sunset one of the runner scouts hurried in to report that the observer nearest the mouth of the creek had seen many sails far out at sea. They were moving toward the shore. The flotilla was returning!

"It will end our suspense, at any rate," said Michael calmly. "There's nothing worse for the nerves than waiting in idleness. The time is coming for action. Lo Fing, how long will it be before the junks arrive at the lake?"

"The wind is against them, honourable sir. They can come up only on the tide, and that will not bear them onward with any celerity. They must come slowly; they may indeed require two tides."

"That is to say, it may be twelve hours or so before they make their appearance?"

"That is indeed my calculation."

Michael sat for a while with his chin on his hands, looking out into space. The others watched him curiously and in silence; they seemed to divine that the imminence of danger had set his wits to work. Suddenly he sprang up.

"I have it!" he cried, his eyes gleaming. "You are sure they cannot be here for twelve hours, Lo Fing?"

"As sure as one can be in this uncertain world."

"That should be time enough. Let them come! We will give them a welcome they little expect!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

## A Statesman Who Never Ruled

ONE of the signs by which we can see how much better the world grows is that leading statesmen of all the Parties in Great Britain now are men of good character and decent habits; but, say, 130 years ago a man might be known as a popular public man and a possible leader of the nation and yet live a life nobody could defend.

There is one striking proof of the allowance made in the past for an ill-regulated life in a man who might have been great if his habits had been on a level with his abilities and attractions. He is far more often mentioned even now with forgiveness and admiration than with censure. In his own day he had fervent admirers. For many years before his death, at fifty-seven, he was Member of Parliament for Westminster. The city which is the seat of the British Parliament remained faithful to him; yet he was a gambler, a drunkard, and an evil liver.

The fault was not all his own. He was of noble birth both on his father's side and his mother's side, and so had the start of a good position in society. But as a boy he was allowed to have all his own way and to follow his own likes and dislikes. Worse than that, his father led him into bad company and taught him to gamble.

At school and at the university he studied what pleased him. Before he was twenty he was a Member of Parliament for a seat bought for him by his father; and at twenty-one he was in office as a Junior Lord of the Admiralty. But he had strong opinions of his own, and was always ready to break away on his own account; and so, although during two-thirds of his lifetime he was in Parliament, and for very brief periods was a Secretary of State, he never could be said to rule, but was in opposition as a critic of those who were ruling.

He kept a position in the country in spite of his personal weaknesses because he was naturally a most likeable man, of a generous disposition, a brilliant orator, and a supporter of some great causes. He was a strong opponent of the bad government which separated England from her American Colonies. He helped England to renounce the slave trade. He believed in religious freedom; and his influence was generally in favour of broader forms of self-government in our country. His great mistake was that he backed Napoleon Bonaparte.

With his great talents, genial disposition, and many right ideas eloquently expounded he might have been a very great man; but he failed in character. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



## Don't miss this Story



## The Tax Resisters

A long complete story of

## Bosambo of the River

by

EDGAR WALLACE

# CHUMS

On Sale Today 2d.





# The Glowing Sun Shines Over Fields of Corn



## THE BRAN TUB

### A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which, written one under the other, will make a square of words. Each word, of course, has four letters. To rise up. A cruel giant. Devices. Something that is always welcome to the weary.

Answer next week

### The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Tucotuco

The Tucotuco lives in burrows underground. It is nocturnal in its habits, and in many districts is found in large numbers. The several South American species vary in length from eight to twelve inches, exclusive of the tail, which is about a quarter as long again. It emits a peculiar cry, from which its name is derived.

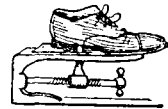
### Is Your Name Osborne?

PEOPLE with this name would seem to claim a very august origin, for Os is an old Anglo-Saxon name for God, and Osborne means, therefore, born of the Deity. In old days many people claimed such an origin, but probably not many of those with the name Osborne are today aware of this claim.

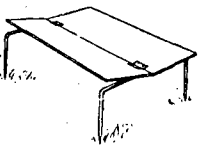
### Things Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

**A Shoe-cleaning Stand.** Here is a simple yet effective apparatus which will be found of great use in hotels and places where there are many shoes to be cleaned. It consists of a metal plate on which the shoe stands, and an adjustable clamp which grips the heel. The shoe is thus held rigidly and both hands are free for brushing.



**A Steady Picnic Table.** An efficient table which can be folded into a minimum of space will be welcomed by many who are fond of picnicking. This new one has a hinged top, on the underside of which are spring clips which grip the legs. The legs, which are arranged in pairs, are pointed so that they may be easily driven into the ground, thus making the table steady and level on quite uneven ground. The whole may be packed quite flat.



### Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE chaffinch now begins to sing again. The clouded yellow butterfly appears on the wing. Barberries are ripe and fit for gathering. Yew berries are ripe. The meadow saffron and autumn gentian are in blossom. The wood woolly foot fungus is seen. Martins are still seen in great numbers on the roofs of houses.



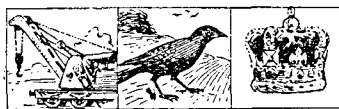
Looking South 8.0 p.m., Aug. 31

### A Curious Word

THERE is a very remarkable word in the English language. The first two letters of this word signify a man, the first three a woman, the first four a man, and the whole word of seven letters a woman. Can you guess what it is?

Answer next week

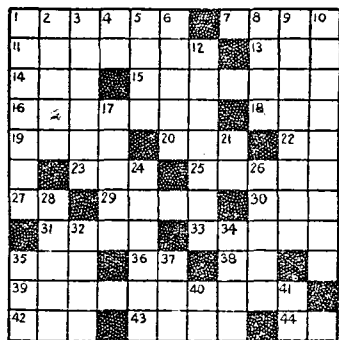
### Ici On Parle Français



La grue s'élève de lourdes charges. Maître Corbeau cherche sa pâture. La couronne ceindra la tête du roi.

### Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 46 words or recognised abbreviations used in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.



**Reading Across.** 1. Customs. 7. Submissive. 11. One who plays without thought of gain. 13. Frantic. 14. A flat-fish. 15. A mineral consisting chiefly of phosphate of lime. 16. Pointed gardening instruments. 18. A cave. 19. Alone in its class. 20. A noise. 22. Right (abbrev.). 23. Before. 25. A kind of larva. 27. Knight (abbrev.). 29. A Celtic language. 30. A rodent. 31. English flower. 32. To mount. 35. To knock. 36. Exist. 38. Right Worshipful (abbrev.). 39. Sufficiently. 42. Males. 43. To put away. 44. For example (abbrev.).

**Reading Down.** 1. A fish of the cod family. 2. With force. 3. Idle talk. 4. Pronoun, neuter gender. 5. A duck. 6. A supernumerary. 8. Among. 9. Pertaining to matter. 10. Toothless mammals. 12. An Order of birds. 17. Cow-houses. 21. Pronoun. 24. Famous Antarctic mountain. 26. To speak with slow utterance. 28. Commerce. 32. Not shut. 34. A company of people. 35. A male sheep. 37. To partake of food. 40. In the direction of. 41. Old form of you.

## Jacko Moves In

JACKO could hardly be said to have a good memory. When Mrs. Jacko sent him on shopping errands he usually forgot half the things he had been told to buy.

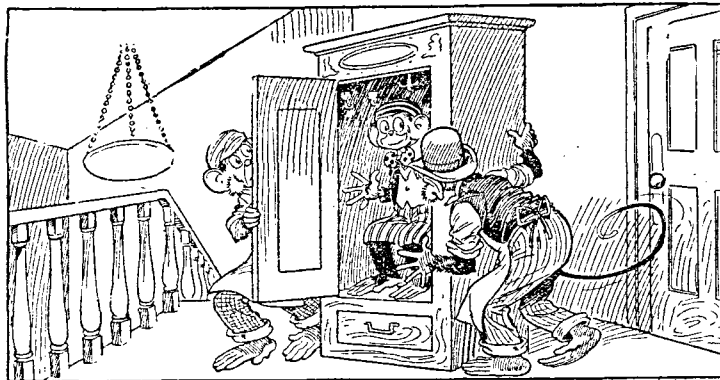
One morning Mrs. Jacko sent him to the Post Office to buy some stamps. She didn't ask him to do any other shopping for her, and she felt quite sure that he couldn't forget them.

But he did. Just as he was in the very act of going into the Post Office he caught sight of two big furniture vans coming along the street.

"Coo! Who's moving?" he exclaimed, and the stamps went right out of his mind.

The vans weren't going along very fast, and Jacko could easily keep up with them. He hitched his arm through a chain at the back of the foremost van and trotted behind it till it stopped outside an empty house.

Jacko was tremendously excited. He had always longed to see inside that particular house. It was certainly extraordinary



The door of the wardrobe flew open

to look at. It had a little tower and quaint windows, and the door had huge iron bolts and was studded with nails.

But it wasn't as easy to get inside as he thought. When the vans stopped the workmen clambered down, and the first thing they did was to shoo Jacko out of the way.

"We're going to get busy," they said. "Now then, hop it!"

Jacko did hop it, but he had no intention of going very far away, and he stayed very quiet and watched to see what was going on.

The men soon got the furniture out of the van and began carrying it into the house. They didn't seem to enjoy the job much because it was a very hot day; but they only scowled at Jacko when he asked if he could give them a hand.

"We want somebody twice your size," said the foreman, pointing to a huge wardrobe. "How would you like to carry that upstairs?"

The very idea was enough for Jacko; he had vanished by the time the men came to lift the wardrobe. They panted and puffed under its weight, but at last they got it on their shoulders and struggled upstairs with it.

But just as they got to the top one of the men stumbled, and the door of the wardrobe flew open.

"Great Scott!" he cried.

And no wonder, for *inside was Jacko*, who had decided that the only way to see the house was to come in with the furniture!

The men were furious. They all made a dive for Jacko, and in their excitement they let go of the wardrobe, which fell downstairs again with a terrific crash and smashed itself—and a lot of other things as well.

Jacko sprang clear in time to save himself. But although he had taken so much trouble to get into the house he didn't stop to have a look round.

### A Riddle in Rhyme

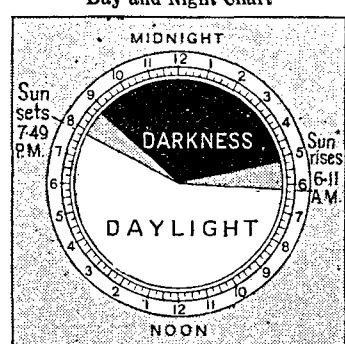
I'm in the pebble but not in the sand,  
I'm in the music but not in the band,  
I'm in the whistle but not in the bell,  
I'm in the water but not in the well,  
I'm in the schooner but not in the sail,  
I'm in the parcel but not in the bale,  
I'm in the fashion but not in the art,  
I'm in the railway but not in the cart,  
I'm in the farmyard but not in the plough,  
You may see me off in the garden now.

Answer next week

### Proverbs About Haste

GOOD and quickly seldom meet.  
Fools' haste is no speed.  
Great haste makes great waste.  
Haste trips up its own heels.  
Too hasty burned his lips.  
More haste, less speed.

### Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight now grows shorter each day.

## DR. MERRYMAN

### On the Village Green

WICKETKEEPER: I say, Bill, you've got the pad on the wrong leg.  
Batsman: Yes, I know; I thought I was going in at the other end!

### Obvious

AN old lady who took part in the discussion after a paper on Shakespeare at the village literary society said she was certain the great dramatist was a butcher by trade, because an old uncle of hers bought lambs' tails from Shakespeare!

### Tempting His Appetite



SAID an ostrich while eating a shoe "One's enough, but I think I'll take two. It's the nails, don't you see, That appeal so to me, For they tickle one's palate, they do!"

WHY is E the cleverest letter of the alphabet?  
Because it makes use of us.

### All Abroad

MUSICAL Enthusiast: We've just come from Tannhäuser. It was glorious.

Deaf Friend: Ah, yes, they told me the weather was much better abroad last week than we've been having here! Ours was abominable.

### Not Likely

FIRST Tramp (who has been given work in a country garden): What does it say on that sundial, mate?

His Mate (who is cleaning it, reading slowly): Do today's work today.

First Tramp (scornfully): Do two days' work today? Not me!

### Both Right

THE poet and the naturalist differ in ways absurd. One says "The bird is on the wing." The other answers "No such thing! The wing is on the bird."

### Misunderstood

HER bun had dropped and rolled into the gutter. A nice old gentleman stooped to rescue it.

Indignation drove away her tears. "Here, what are you doing?" she shouted; "that's my bun!" and grabbed it from his astonished grasp.

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### Is Your Name Here?

Charles, Winifred, Dorothy, Sidney, Arthur, Reginald, Marion, Cynthia, Leonard, Thomas, Kathleen, Margaret, Bernard, Edward, Patricia, Evelyn.

#### A Word Square

WING  
IDEA  
NEXT  
GATE

#### A Picture Puzzle

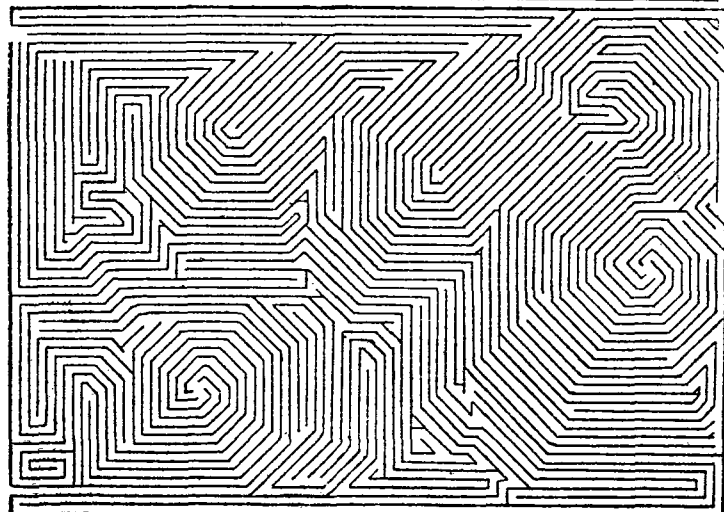
manGLE, hOUSE, lettuce, STud, fERN—Gloucester.

#### Changeling

Worm, warm, ward, bard, bird.

#### What Is It? Answer:

A Queer Word. Dozens, dozen.



With the point of a pencil find your way through this maze, entering it at the top left-hand corner and leaving at the bottom left-hand corner



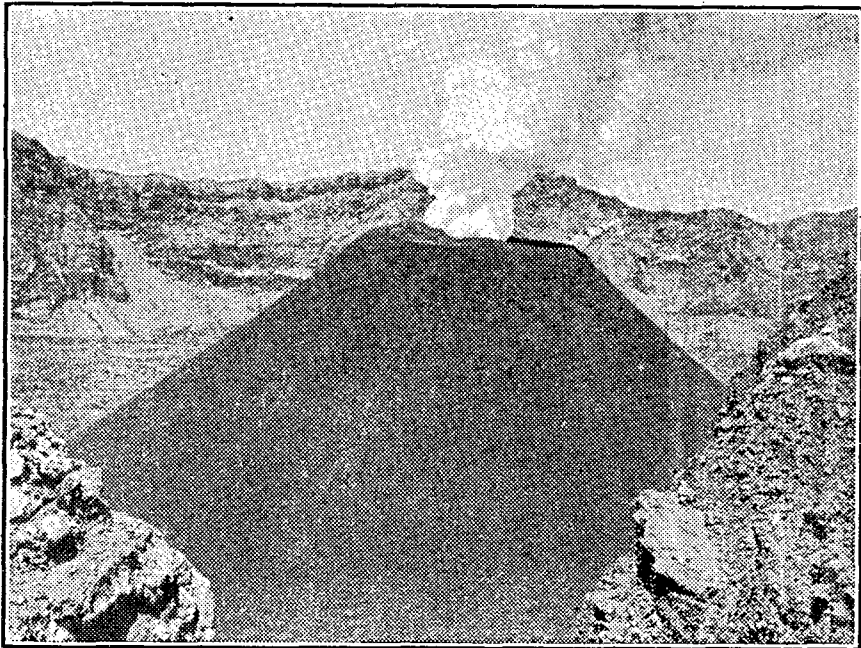
The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

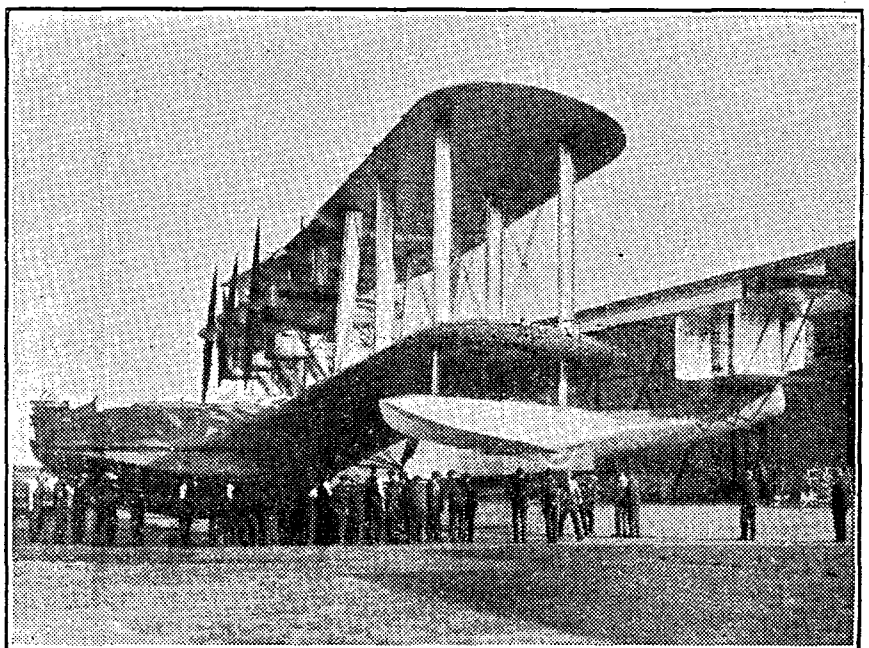
August 27, 1927  
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

## VESUVIUS SPEAKS • WORLD'S BIGGEST FLYING BOAT • THE PEACE BRIDGE



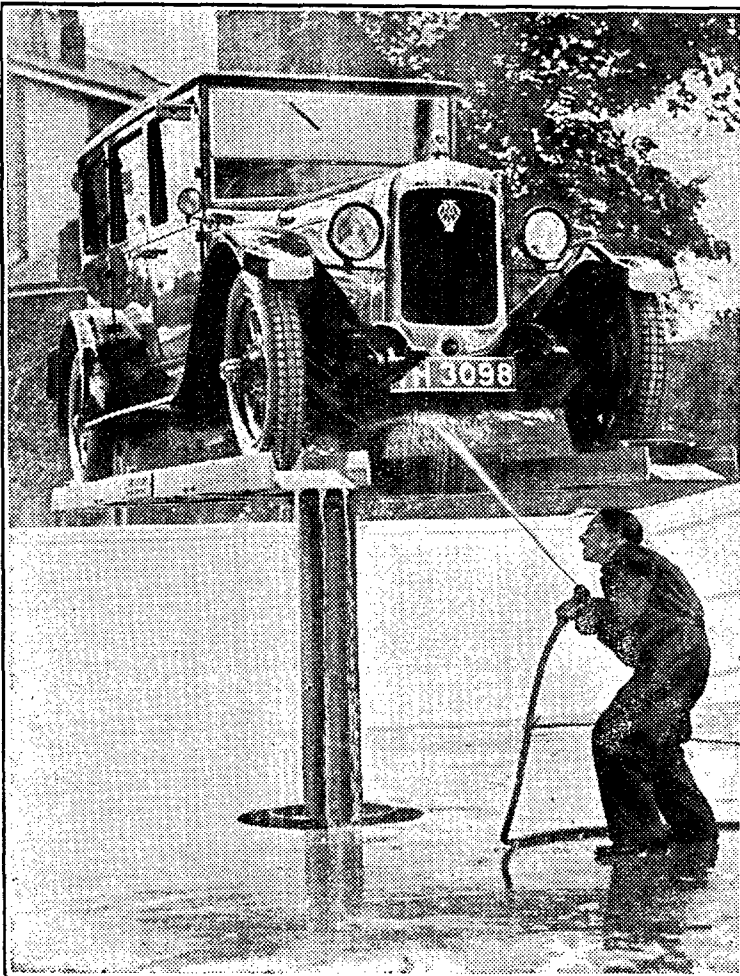
**Vesuvius in Eruption**—Thousands of sightseers have been going to the top of Vesuvius lately to watch the volcano in eruption. Here is a recent picture showing the inside of the crater



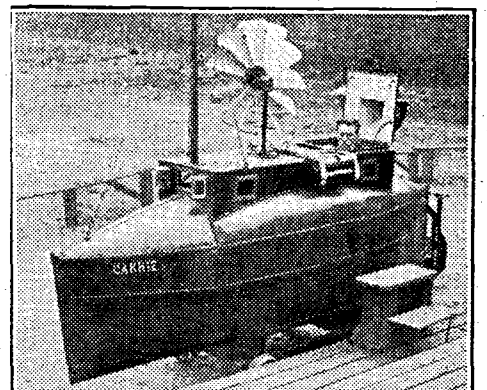
**The World's Largest Flying Boat**—The latest flying boat built for the Air Ministry has three engines and is said to be the largest in the world. She can carry three tons of petrol



**Cats Act for a Film**—A film has just been made dealing entirely with cats. This incident from the film shows a cat looking after her kittens



**New Way of Cleaning a Car**—An up-to-date garage on the Brighton Road has a quick and easy method of cleaning cars. A platform on a strong pillar lifts the car five feet from the ground, and a man with a hose then washes off the mud



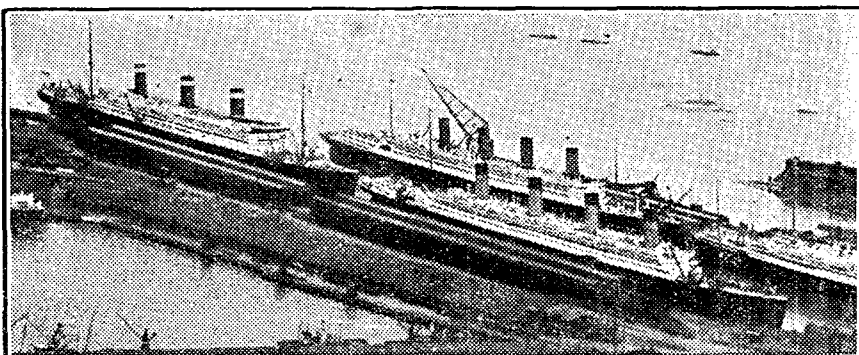
**The Windmill Boat**—This boat, which has been seen at a seaside resort recently, has a windmill which drives the propeller and sends the boat along



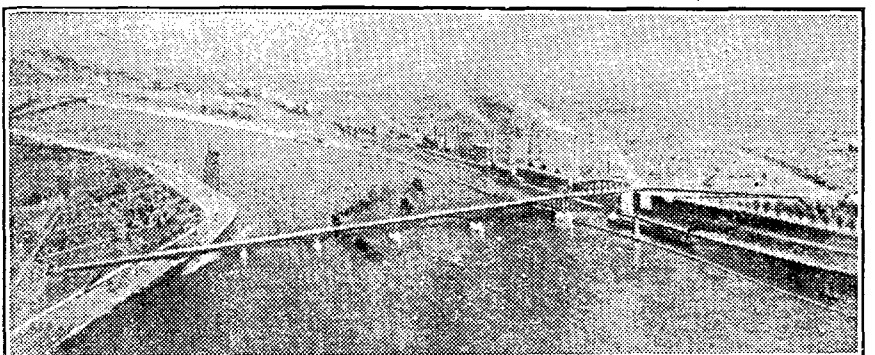
**A Wicker Shop on Wheels**—This picture from Japan shows a pedlar with a load which is not so heavy as it looks, for the articles are made of wicker



**A Close Finish**—At the City Police sports in London there were some races for children. This picture shows an exciting finish to a race for little girls



**Meeting of the Giants**—Three of the world's largest liners, the Aquitania, the Olympic, and the Leviathan, recently left New York at the same time and raced to Southampton, the Aquitania beating the Olympic by an hour. Here we see the three giants in dock. See page 1



**The Peace Bridge**—This picture shows the new bridge across the Niagara River which commemorates more than a hundred years of Anglo-American friendship. The Prince of Wales, Prince Philip, and Mr. Baldwin were present at the opening ceremony. See page 4

## THE PEN THAT TOUCHED THE HEARTS OF MEN—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER

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